JOHN BULL

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The world is a bundle of hay;
Mankind are the asses who pull;
Each tugs it a different way,
And the greatest of all is John Bull

—BYRON.

Edited by
HORATIO BOTTOMLEY, M.P.

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IN THE FUTURE

there may be many new diseases, doctors say, but it is certain that there will be the old familiar maladies—what are sometimes called light ailments, but which cause heavy discomfort, and often real suffering, as those who are bilious and depressed know only too well. It is equally certain that people who, from stress of modern conditions, long hours, hasty meals, and so on, get out of sorts, and run down generally, will, in the future,

AS IN THE PAST

know exactly where to go for the safe and congenial remedy to make them all right again. Few of us can do without occasional medicine, even the healthiest; indeed, there is no way of keeping well except by assisting Nature now and then, and taking a medicine which all can resort to with perfect confidence in its ability to do just what we require it to do. That medicine is, of course, as every one has known for **60** years and more,

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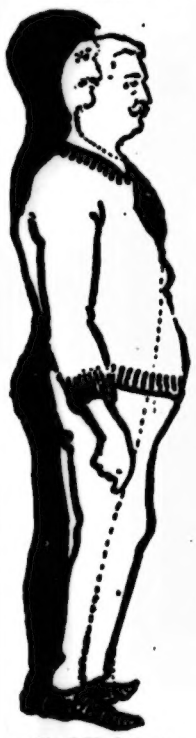

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*What is your Age?
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JOHN BULL.

Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant:
Without Fear or Favour—Rancour or Rant.

Vol. III. No. 75. Saturday, November 9th, 1907. One Penny.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

Letters must be addressed to the Editor, or the Publisher, at 67, Long Acre, London, W.C., according to whether they relate to Editorial or business matters.

All editorial inquiries MUST BE MADE BY LETTER.

All matter appearing in JOHN BULL, *unless otherwise signed, is editorial.*

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THEATRES, ENTERTAINMENTS, ETC.

GAIETY THEATRE.—Manager, Mr. GEORGE EDWARDES. EVERY EVENING at 8 (doors open 7.40), a NEW MUSICAL PLAY, entitled "THE GIRLS OF GOTTENBERG."
Matinee Wednesday, November 13, at 2. Doors open 1.40.
Box office open daily from 10 till 10.

DALY'S THEATRE, Leicester Square.—Produced by Mr. Geo. Edwardes. EVERY EVENING, at 8.15, MATINEE EVERY SATURDAY, at 2.30, a new play with music, entitled
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SPECIAL EDITORIAL NOTICE.

We are quite full up with short stories for some time to come, and it will save authors trouble if they will kindly refrain from submitting any further MSS. at present.

WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER?

Our Weekly Ballot Scheme for the Selection of ten Readers to Devote One Week of their Spare Time to Pushing the Sale of "John Bull" in return for a Five Pound Note.

Every copy of JOHN BULL bears upon its cover a distinctive number, and every week ten of such numbers are drawn and published on this page.

To each of the holders of copies of JOHN BULL bearing any of such numbers, we will, upon production of a sufficient portion of the cover to identify the date and number, pay the sum of FIVE POUNDS, in return for his (or her) using his best endeavours for one week to increase our circulation.

As we have already explained, the scheme is in no sense a lottery. We desire to increase our sales, and prefer to have canvassers who are already readers rather than strangers. Every reader can, without interference with present occupation, find ample opportunity in the course of a week for making our journal better known. He can distribute specimen copies (a supply of which we shall be happy to forward) amongst his friends and neighbours; he can interview newsagents and bookstall clerks; he can acquaint us of any difficulty he may experience in obtaining copies; he can show and discuss the paper in the train, the tram, the 'bus, the office, the workshop—and in a thousand other ways he can render us good service.

For trade reasons, it is necessary that there should be an interval of a few weeks between the publication of each issue and the announcement of the numbers.

The following claims have been received in respect of September 28th:—

Mr. GEORGE BURROW, 1, Parker Street, Whitworth Park, Manchester (No. 498264).

Mr. GEORGE MORLEY, "Briarwood," St. Mark's Road, Maidenhead (No. 486886).

Mr. E. A. STAFFORD, 128, Lower Road, Rotherhithe, S.E. (489925).

Mr. ALBERT C. PARSONS, 11, Surrey Street, Worthing, Sussex (No. 540921).

The following claims have also been allowed:—

Mrs. A. PRICE, Ingram Cottage, Grays (No. 205650, September 7th).

Mr. R. E. PEARSON, 41, Christie Road, S. Hackney (No. 388010, September 21st).

Upon compliance with the conditions of the scheme cheques will be duly forwarded.

THE FOLLOWING ARE THE TEN NUMBERS FOR OUR ISSUE OF OCTOBER 5TH:—

592,793	**587,903**
598,217	**676,129**
676,519	**663,240**
622,656	**595,482**
637,433	**634,174**

THE TEN NUMBERS TO BE ANNOUNCED NEXT WEEK WILL RELATE TO OUR ISSUE OF OCTOBER 12TH.

All claims must reach us not later than first post on Monday, November 11th.

THE TEN NUMBERS IN RESPECT OF THIS WEEK'S ISSUE WILL BE ANNOUNCED IN OUR ISSUE DATED DECEMBER 14TH (PUBLISHED DECEMBER 12TH).

No correspondence can be entered into with regard to this Scheme, it being simplicity itself.

The decision of the Editor upon all points is absolutely final.

Will any reader holding a successful number, and who does not desire to claim the £5, bear in mind that it is competent for him to transfer it to any deserving person known to him, and who would be willing and competent to devote his spare time for one week to furthering our sales?

THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

[*The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.*]

There will be no railway strike. Indeed, as we observed last week, there *must not be*. It is the duty of Mr. Lloyd-George to see to that. England expects him to do that duty. And England will not be disappointed. But when the danger has passed, and we are all throwing our hats into the air and giving three cheers for the splendid President of the Board of Trade, let us also remember another man—Mr. Richard Bell, M.P. Throughout all the trouble he has acted the part of a truly great general—sagacious, tactful, moderate, and reasonable. Holding the railway service of the country in the hollow of his hand, he has never lost a due sense of responsibility. Three cheers for Bell.

Mr. Churchill is doubtless doing a very useful work in looking up and waking up certain Colonial dependencies which are likely to repay careful development. But we miss him over here during the autumn campaign of speech-making—with his freshness, his versatility, his gifts of epigram, his powers of stirring the imagination. The result is that we scarcely ever trouble to read any speeches, except, perhaps, those of Lord Rosebery, who is very skilful in affording us opportunities for making merry at his expense. Mr. Asquith seems to be acting as Mr. Churchill's understudy with regard to Colonial matters. He is no doubt wise and clever, but he is certainly frigid and depressing. It seems a pity that Mr. Burns should confine himself to administrative duties, for, though he is increasing his reputation thereby, we should all welcome an occasional pronouncement from him. It is also a pity that Mr. Birrell should have buried in Ireland the delightful good humour which was meant to encourage mankind. The moral is that most modern politicians are depressing. The Prime Minister, of course, is not precisely depressing, but sometimes he approaches very near to the simplicity of childhood, and even pawkiness may be overdone.

We are really rather glad that there is to be a new Lord Mayor. That carpet knight, Sir Somebody Treloar, is almost as strenuous as the Yankee President, whilst his incessant stream of jaded jests and pompous platitudes is almost as tedious as a collection of the *obiter dicta* of Prince Olaf. However, his Lordship is probably quite pleased with himself. He has had the time of his life, and the "popularity" secured by his mayoralty will probably console him for any efforts and coins of the realm which he may have expended. May he sell many carpets! Inshallah!

One of the Harmsworth publications, the *Evening News*, has again distinguished itself. On Thursday it published an alleged interview with Miss Lapoukhine on her return to the bosom of her family. Challenged, the *Evening News* says it "*never used the word 'interview' in connection with Miss Lapoukhine. Here is the passage from the original article: 'The Evening News . . . has to-day received the story of her adventures during the days she has been missing.'*" It is true the *News* said that; but it also said: "*When seen by our representative she was wearing the blue dress and fur coat that she had on at the time of her disappearance. Her story is as follows.*" If that is not an allegation that the Harmsworth man saw Miss Lapoukhine and had an interview with her, then we do not know the intent and meaning of words. The fact is, the *Evening News* never had a conversation of any kind with the "kidnapped girl," and M. Lapoukhine does not mince matters when he says it is "a complete fabrication." In the interests of truth, we think it about time that our enterprising contemporary published all its news in the form of an affidavit, sworn before a commissioner for the administration of oaths.

We wonder whether the Sultan of Turkey will succeed in his endeavour to alter the succession in favour of his son. The Moslem law is supposed to be very rigid, but, as a matter of fact, possesses considerable elasticity. In theory, the eldest male of the Imperial family always succeeds, but a younger member has often taken his place by the simple process of wholesale strangulation. Such methods would not commend themselves to Abdul Hamid, who, despite the contrary opinion held at Exeter Hall, has a holy horror of bloodshed. He is much more likely to enlist the Sheikh-ul-Islam on his side, for that functionary possesses very wide powers for declaring any person to be incompetent or unsuitable for the throne. There is sure to be a considerable amount of opposition to any change, but the Sultan is usually clever enough to get his own way.

The Norwegians are very busy trying to get the Powers to guarantee the neutrality of their country. It would, of course, be very nice and sweet if the neutrality of every country could be guaranteed. No doubt something of the kind will take place on or about the date of the millennium. In the meanwhile, we see no reason why Norway should obtain this advantage in preference to any other nation. We can, however, congratulate her on the appropriate modesty of placing herself on a level with such countries as Switzerland and Belgium. It is also amusing to note that the noisy Norwegians are so very anxious to avoid the possibility of ever having to fight for their newly acquired independence.

The Yankees have, at any rate, one refreshing quality. We may not think much of their notions of hospitality, but we can generally count upon them to surprise us. They have been sueing Miss Marie Lloyd for £900 for having made her "more beautiful than ever" ten years ago. As might have been expected, Miss Lloyd was quite able to take care of herself, even in America. She remarked to a reporter, "I'm not so slow as that, even if I do come from poor old 'feudal' London, as they call it in this up-to-date country, where the banks pinch all the people's money." Part of the beautifying treatment was to stand on her head for fifteen minutes every day. This, however, Miss Lloyd refused to do, because the last time she stood on her head her sister pushed her down and made her nose bleed. It will certainly detract from the glamour of the enormous salaries offered to entertainers in America if they are to be told to stand on their heads and if they are liable to vexatious litigation of this kind directly they arrive. We should not wonder if some of them preferred to remain in "poor old feudal London."

Somebody, who modestly styles herself "A Lady in Society," has been writing a book of etiquette. Most books of etiquette are either silly or ignorant, and tell us not to do things which we should never dream of doing, such as spitting on the drawing-room carpet, or putting our boots on the dining-room table. This "Lady in Society" is for the most part dull, but she deserves praise for her very useful advice to lovers. We are told that they "should not make a practice of being so entirely absorbed with each other as to ignore others whose company they may be in. Neither is it considered good manners to indulge in any demonstrative affection in public." Unfortunately, it has become almost a fashion of late years for engaged couples, and even newly-married people, who ought to know better, to hug and nestle and squeeze and caress and ogle and murmur sweet nothings in public. Exercises of this kind should be sternly restricted to the alcove.

One of the latest visitors to our hospitable country is Emma Goldman, the notorious anarchist who yearns for "red ruin and the breaking up of laws." Though at the head of the Red International—for even among anarchists one person is sometimes better than another,

if not a great deal worse—Emma is not herself a thrower of bombs and a digger with daggers. To meet her over cake and tea-cups is to have the company of a pleasant-faced, matronly lady of squat habit but robust growth. It is only when she begins to preach as earnestly as a Nonconformist conscience you realise that for setting rhetorical fuses to the more pernicious explosives Emma has to go a long way to find her equal. We gather that she is just now honouring us with a visit in order to organise in London an anarchist bureau for the dissemination of crimson literature from world's end to world's end, and that for this beneficent purpose she is on the stump among the brethren. According to Emma, the worker is "a tiger who, having tasted human blood, will have no other fare from this moment." For our part, we think the lady is somewhat erroneous. As a matter of fact, he is addicted to good bread and butter, pudding, and pie; and at a rasher of bacon, a chop, or a steak he is probably without rival throughout the whole range of the human species.

That the Socialists do not love Mr. John Burns is no secret, but this does not seem a sufficient reason for their pursuing him with such malignant abuse. The latest gem shines from the records of the Socialists of Battersea, where Mr. Burns lives, moves, and has some of his being. "The Battersea Labour League have passed a vote of thanks to Mr. Burns for his good work on behalf of the poor. The aged poor are, under his brutal rule, being treated to black potatoes and despotism; the younger poor are being branded as paupers in a viler form than ever." The lack of balance in this pronouncement arouses the suspicion that the vocabulary of the Battersea Socialists is more copious than their collection of facts. We have no brief for Mr. Burns, but it is notorious that in the judgment of everybody whose opinion is worth anything more than a straw or a small potato, the administration of Mr. Burns at the Local Government Board is not only businesslike, but humane to a degree. The Socialists of Battersea are in the novel position that, though they throw a lot of mud, none of it sticks.

Will the Lambeth Board of Guardians make Christian effort to speak of each other in accents of tenderness? This consummation should be the more easily accomplished in that one of the Guardians is a rev. gentleman named Hobbs, and all Hobbs has to do is to refrain from remarks disconsonant with his higher spiritual nature. The other day, one Fielder was making remarks on engine oil, when up jumped Hobbs, saying, "All he knows about engine oil is in connection with sewing machines." Whereat Fielder remarked that if Hobbs wanted to quarrel he was to come outside and he would "let him have it." Hobbs did not go outside, and therefore did not get it; and so Fielder proceeded to rend his heart and not his garments. We merely mention these beautiful amenities in passing, so to speak, for we are anxious that what remains of the engine oil when the sewing machines have been supplied should be poured on the troubled waters.

It is suggested that the blunders graven beneath the bust of the late Lord St. Helier in the Law Courts were the sole work of Italian labourers unworthy of their hire, another awful indictment against the poor alien. "The blunders were made while correcting another blunder on the bust being sent back to Italy," we are told. Not for a moment do we doubt this version of a tragic story, but peradventure the Italian side of it would be that the handwriting of the gentleman who supplied the inscription was not quite as plain as a pikestaff, or his spelling as luminous as a barber's pole. "G.G.B." for "G.C.B.," and "Admirality" for "Admiralty," indeed, give some colour to suspicion in this. We seem to remember some blunders on the Duke of Cambridge's statue perpetrated, not by Italian workmen, but by the talents of the War Office. The fact that the St. Helier bust was set up in place without the blunders being discovered almost compels us to the belief that there is a true Briton extant who had a notion that "G.G.B." was something glorious, and that "Admirality" was a spelling favoured by the more classic dictionaries.

Mr. Horace Smith, the Westminster magistrate, deserves a medal on qualification as a friend of man, for the other day he gave a Peckham milk hawker six months, the maximum penalty, for selling milk unfit for human food. As medicine for pigs, the liquid might not have been unacceptable, but containing, as it did, black smuts, vegetable and other débris, straw, seeds, particles of tomato skins, fine grit, human hair, animal hair, pieces of skin, "and other most objectionable matter," Mr. Smith did not consider it a boon and a blessing to men. Public health and public decency alike demand pure milk; consequently we view with peculiar satisfaction this exemplary sentence. More gaol and fewer fines, indeed, is just what is wanted for the poisoners and sophisticators of our milk supply. Other magistrates will please note.

Mr. George Smith, who has gone down at Devon Assizes to do five years for burglary, suggests to us the serious question whether we ought not to institute another Order of Fame in addition to that of our exquisite biscuits. This would be the special and peculiar reward of public speakers adjudged as masters of the finest language. Let us instance Mr. Smith as a cross-examiner. "Do you not consider," he asked a witness, "that the interview to which you have alluded is not indelibly impressed on my memory?" When the police requested permission to search him, he remarked, "Sir, you are welcome to view the residue of my personal possessions." And when asked by the judge whether he had any more questions to put, he answered, "No, sir, there is no reason why we should reiterate. I will not further obstruct the course of justice." Mr. Smith has now departed to his bourne, and the only thing which makes us hesitate to inaugurate the new Order is our doubt whether we shall look upon his like again.

One smiles involuntarily, for some reason or other, on seeing the headline "Co-operative Honeymoons." Naturally, one wonders how much and how little "co-operation" there will be, and where the line will be drawn, and if it will be drawn very plainly. The "solitary honeymoon," if one may believe the legends, is not always a success, its end being often grumpiness and melancholy. Will the co-operative honeymoon work out more happily? It sounds all right. Three couples, who are to be married in November, meet in Paris and go on to the Nile. "Perfect freedom," we are told, will be the rule for all concerned, the "*only* restriction" being "no bridge before breakfast!" If that is the single self-denying ordinance found necessary for the newly-wed, the co-operative honeymoon may become popular. Variety is proverbially charming.

Mr. Bramwell Booth has been taking advantage of his silver wedding to give the world his views on courtship and marriage. He, it seems, prayed hard for six months before he proposed. And the lady, not to be outdone, took six months for the prayerful consideration of his offer. This sort of thing was all very well twenty-five years ago, but in these hustling times the man who wants a girl and thinks the matter over for six months, usually finds that the lady has long since married his best friend, and is either manufacturing baby clothes, or contemplating a judicial separation.

As for a modern girl considering an offer for six months, the thing is inconceivable. If she wanted the man, or (which is the same thing) thought some one else wanted him, she would make up her mind in six seconds.

Apropos the question of workmen's tickets, we note the "general definition" of the Mansfield Railway Company that a workman is one who does not wear a white collar and has unclean hands. This, of course, is quite ridiculous, though in cases legally tested by the South Eastern and Chatham Railway some time ago it received the sanction of the police court. At all events, it was put on the defendants to satisfy the magistrates that they were "workmen" within the meaning of the Act, which does not define a workman at all. Common sense would seem to suggest that any man who has to get up in the middle of the night in order to start business early enough in the morning, is a workman of the true British breed; even if he does wear a clean collar and has clean hands.

A gentleman who lives in the neighbourhood of Piccadilly complains that the British menu is too restricted. His enthusiasm does not run to *escargots*, as the French call common or garden snails. But he says sparrow pie is very good, and guinea-pigs are excellent. We do not doubt. But in matters of diet we English are experimentalists only in patent concoctions bottled or boxed, and it will be a long time before either sparrows or guinea-pigs become popular dishes. There are in existence a large number of edible insects which have only to be tried to be appreciated. But all things come to him who waits. The first man who ate an oyster or a lobster certainly deserved the Albert Medal for valour, and the man who popularises sparrows, guinea-pigs, and beetles will probably get it, if he lives.

By-the-way, the diversity of human tastes in food is certainly a curious chapter in dietetics. The Arabs, for instance, eat camels, the Laplanders reindeer, and the Russians bears. On the other hand, the Tartars eat asses, whilst in New Guinea they eat monkeys. Esquimaux like otters, seals, and whales. Indians (red) eat buffaloes, porcupines, and skunks. Give a negro an elephant steak, a buffalo chop, or a joint off an alligator, and he is happy. The hottentot eats zebra, ostriches, and ants; Ah Sin has a preference for cats, rats, and dogs; Jacques Bonhomme (now and again) eats horses, frogs, and snails; the king of the Cannibal Islands is partial to roast and boiled man when he can get it; and John Bull eats eels, live oysters, and swine. It is all a matter of limitation, liking, and opportunity. You pay your money and you take your chance.

Whatever may be the shortcomings of the censor of plays, he is preferable to the Library Committee of the Dewsbury Corporation. This wonderful body has just discovered the existence of an author named Fielding. Each of them took home one of his books to read. "Joseph Andrews" made one member "simply delirious." Another was "simply frozen with horror by "Tom Jones;" whilst a wiseacre named Peace found Fielding to be "a mass of filth from beginning to end." So Fielding is to be tabooed by the Metropolis of Shoddy. People using Dewsbury Libraries must read something edifying—like the reports of the Moltke case in the daily press. Really, the literary critics of Dewsbury remind us of the elderly lady who stopped reading "Paradise Lost" directly she found that nude characters were introduced.

Nor, whilst dealing with the question of libraries, should we omit to give a word of praise to the Rochdale Guardians. The literature they provide for paupers may be pronounced unique. Two manuals of golf, several books on economics, an Investors' Guide, and the history of Mary (not the Queen of Scots, or Sanguinary Mary, but the lady who owned a little lamb) make up the light reading provided. The remainder of the books deal mainly with the agreeable subject of hell. If we have a fault to find with this admirable collection it is that the paupers are not provided with motoring handbooks. The omission of any works on Bridge also shows that the Rochdale Guardians are a little behind the times.

We do not entirely concur with C.-B.'s panegyric of Sir Edward Grey. There may have been success in the conduct of foreign affairs lately, but we fail to see any proof of Grey's "conspicuous ability." In most cases, the success has been due either to the tact of King Edward or to the repose of foreign nations. At the best, it is a negative success, and Sir Edward Grey is only happy in having no history. Where he has been forced to take action, he has sometimes blundered, as when M. Pashitch tricked him into recognising the regicide Government of Servia. At present there is a singular apathy in England on the subject of foreign affairs, which were scarcely mentioned at all during last session. How different this is from the great times of Disraeli and Gladstone, or even from the lesser times of Lord Salisbury!

The newspapers are getting more and more into the habit of alluding to bishops by their surnames. This is quite incorrect. A bishop's title is, for the present, at any rate, quite as much a part of the constitution as the title of any other peer. To talk of Dr. Ingram is as absurd a breach of etiquette as it would be to allude to the Duke of Devonshire as Dr. Cavendish. The practice originated with jealous Nonconformists, and has been continued by ignorant journalists.

While the Germans are pointing out that, after all, British strategy in South Africa was commendable in the circumstances, they are expressing severe opinions as to French methods in Morocco. General Drude's splutterings along the coast (we cannot call them an invasion) have only made confusion worse confounded. This may have been his intention, with the ultimate aim of an occupation on Tunisian, or even Algerian, lines. But we prefer to believe in his incompetence, rather than in his disingenuousness. In either case, the Algeciras Treaty has been shamefully violated.

Everything is going up to such an extent that we begin to yearn for something to go down. The latest article of human consumption to ascend is tea. And, of course, the explanation comes pat from the profit-snatchers, who tell us that a shortage in the Indian crop coincides with an increased demand from Russia and Australia; therefore—but never mind that story. The fact is, the tea-men are out for high finance while there is a chance. With the butchers, and the bakers, and the coal merchants "picking up a bit," it would be too much to expect the tea-men to remain content with normal profits. Just now the public, especially the poorer section of it, is a pigeon for everybody's plucking. Still, the Tariff Reform organs will tell you it is good for trade.

We are getting on. The other day, just because he is an Alderman of the ward which includes newspaperdom, the Meat Market, and the Temple, the Lord Mayor claimed to represent "The World, the Flesh and the

Devil." And then came Mr. Asquith, telling our story about the Labour member and the House of Lords. Other public men please copy.

THE LEADERS OF THE WORLD.

"God and myself," said the Kaiser, "have made Germany supreme amongst the peoples."

"Germany stands alone confident in her strength and righteousness," said Prince Bulow.

"Who dare name wicked England in the same week as virtuous Germany?" cried the Prussian Junkers.

The spectacled University professors pronounced the English to be a corrupt, effete, and abominable race.

And the corrupt, effete, and abominable Englishman, reading the reports of the Moltke—Harden trial, reflected, "Well, if these be the leaders in the human race, thank heaven I'm only an 'also-ran.'"

"John Bull's" Biscuits.

AWARD NO. 416.

For opening a mission hall, apologising for her smart dress, and explaining that she was on her way to a "more stylish gathering,"

THE LADY MAYORESS OF MANCHESTER
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

AWARD NO. 417.

For stating that "the crash of the explosion mingled with the wild cries of the dead and dying,"

THE *BOY'S FRIEND*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

AWARD NO. 418.

For saying to a witness in the Divorce Court, "I think, like myself, Mrs. Feehan, you are an Irishwoman,"

MR. MURPHY
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

AWARD NO. 419.

For announcing an article on "Innocent Criminals I have known,"

CASSELL'S SATURDAY JOURNAL
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

AWARD NO. 420.

For stating that "after each meal the Emperor takes two glasses of champagne, which he usually does not drink,"

THE *DAILY MAIL*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

AWARD NO. 421.

For stating that Parnell died in 1891, and that the 10th anniversary of his death occurred on October 6th last,

THE *FERMANAGH HERALD*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

AWARD NO. 422.

For suggesting that a man might be dressed "in the Elizabethan garb of 18th century elegance,"

THE *TRIBUNE*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

AWARD NO. 423.

For enquiring, in an article on motor matters, "Do dogs run better at night?"

THE *TRIBUNE*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

AWARD NO. 424.

For publishing a cartoon depicting Sir William Lyne cutting off a right hand from a left arm and a right foot from a left leg,

THE *MELBOURNE PUNCH*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

AWARD NO. 425.

For stating that he had not the faintest notion what a Limerick was,

SIR HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

OUR MODEL LIMERICK COMPETITION.

LAST DAYS FOR SENDING IN COUPONS.

VOTING FOR THE PRIZES BEGINS NEXT WEEK.

Thank goodness, our Limerick Competition is nearly over. All coupons must be in by Saturday, and then, after a fortnight's voting, the sixpences, together with our own addition of ten per cent., will be divided, and we shall have done with the thing for ever. Nothing will induce us to repeat the experiment. It is a silly, insipid craze—and it isn't journalism. The Limerick contains all the bad features of a lottery, with none of its safeguards. No receipt is given for the money, and there is no guarantee of fairness in the drawing of the prizes. As one of our correspondents tersely puts it, "The Limerick scheme is a swindle, but not a lottery. 'What is your number' scheme is (in the opinion of the City Solicitor) a lottery but not a swindle. The Limerick offends the spirit, but not the letter, of the law. 'What is your number' scheme (in the opinion of the City Solicitor) offends the letter, but not the spirit, of the law. You must not offend the letter, but you may freely defy the spirit, of the law." But we were determined to show, by contrast, how unfairly these Limericks are conducted by the various papers which have adopted them as a regular feature. We shall publish next week *every last line* sent in, and we shall invite our readers to say which lines they consider to be the least stupid. We shall then divide all the money (*after adding ten per cent. instead of deducting five*) according to the result of the poll. It is pointed out that the competitors who get the largest number of voting coupons sent in will get most of the money, and, consequently, that those readers who buy, or get others to buy, most copies for the purpose of sending in votes will be at the top of the poll. Yes, of course they will. That's where *we* come in. Why do you think we add ten per cent. to the fund? We believe that every competitor will ask his friends and relatives to buy a copy of JOHN BULL next week and the week after and send in a vote for his particular line. In that case they are pretty sure to become regular readers. On the other hand, no doubt some enterprising competitors will buy extra copies and vote for themselves several times over. Well, good luck to them. We shall get their pennies. What does it matter to us who get the prizes, so long as we sell our paper? But more of this next week, when we come to the voting. Perhaps, between now and then, we shall be able to devise certain safeguards against the machinations of the too enterprising. You haven't seen the form of Voting Coupon yet, have you?

In the meantime, we print, once more, the Limerick Coupon. It will be found on page 452. If you wish to have a go for some of the money, you must hurry up and post your last line NOT LATER THAN SATURDAY—not forgetting to send the sixpence with it. You see, it's not so much your poetry as your money that we want.

In our next issue we shall print the whole of the lines sent in, together with a Voting Coupon. Order your copies at once, or you may *lose your vote*.

DELICIOUS COFFEE.
RED WHITE & BLUE
For Breakfast & after Dinner

IN THE CITY.

LINOTYPE AND MACHINERY, LTD.

The report and balance-sheet of this Company for the year ended June 30, 1907, has just been issued, and it may be useful to give a little attention to it.

It appears that on a share and debenture capital of £3,286,000 there is a paper profit of £156,868, which, together with £169,000 brought forward from the preceding year, makes a total of accrued profit amounting to £325,000, out of which they have to pay some £81,000 Debenture interest. This should leave a balance of about £244,000 available for dividend on the Cumulative Preference 6 per cent. shares, which as yet have received nothing in the way of interest since the amalgamation, but, according to the report, all the Preference shareholders are to expect is a paltry 2 per cent., payable as to 1 per cent. on March 25 and 1 per cent. in September, 1908.

It is interesting to turn to the annual report of the Machinery Trust, Ltd., of December 31, 1901. The capital then was only £500,000 in ordinary shares of £1 each, and a debenture issue of £250,000. On the credit side of the capital account was £961,808, being the value of linotype and other manufactures let on royalty, etc., which compares with an amount of £392,000 in the present report. In 1901 the debtor balances amounted to £503,000, compared with £535,000 in the present report. That is to say, that with five times the amount of capital the stock of machines has actually decreased by £570,000, whilst the open accounts have only increased by £32,000. In 1901 the gross profits on sales and royalties was £105,000; in 1907 it is only £175,000, an increase of £70,000 on an increased capital of over £2,500,000, and corresponding to a loss of £570,000 in tangible assets.

On the comparatively small capital of 1901 the Machinery Trust, Ltd., paid dividends of 15 per cent., and carried forward £7,218, and placed to reserve the sum of over £77,000. The success of this Company enabled it to obtain additional capital at a large premium, viz., 250,000 Ordinary shares at a premium of 30s. a share, 500,000 6 per cent. Preference, and £250,000 Debentures. Since obtaining this additional capital the Company has never paid any interest whatever on anything but its Debentures, and the next move was to amalgamate with the Linotype Company, and thus still further increase an already unwieldy concern and thoroughly confuse its financial arrangements.

We see to-day a huge concern over-capitalised to an enormous extent, only capable of earning as much profit as was earned by the Machinery Trust, with a capital of £750,000 in shares and debentures, and the puzzle is as to what has become of the increased capital of £2,500,000.

THE RUSSIAN PETROLEUM AND LIQUID FUEL COMPANY.

We have referred to the affairs of this Company more than once recently, and we have now received a statement from Mr. George Tweedy—managing director of the Company in its prosperous days—in which he replies, with natural indignation, to the charge recently made against him by the directors in a circular to shareholders, in which they accuse him of "fraudulent and long-continued misrepresentation of the figures of output from the oil wells, and for having conspired with certain of his subordinates systematically to deceive the Board." More serious charges it would be difficult for a board to formulate against a former servant and colleague. Mr. Tweedy asks shareholders not to judge him on an *ex parte* statement. The issue of the circular was at once followed on his part by legal proceedings against the directors.

Under these circumstances it would be improper to discuss the merits of this very painful controversy between Mr. Tweedy and the Board, but it is impossible to forget that Mr. Tweedy was manager from 1897 to 1904, and that during this time hardly a meeting of shareholders took place when the chairman of the Company did not refer to Mr. Tweedy in language of unstinted praise; that he strenuously objected to the combinations which have since had such a disastrous effect upon the future of the Company, and that Mr. Tweedy resigned rather than be a party to what he considered—and, as events have proved, rightly considered—to be a policy fraught with disaster to the Company.

THE FALL IN AMERICAN INDUSTRIALS.

Last week we gave some illustrations of the great fall in American Railway stocks since the beginning of the year. Below are figures showing the fall between January and the middle of October of leading American Industrials:—

	Jan.	Oct.	Fall.
Amalgamated	121½	44½	76½
American Car and Foundry ...	45½	28½	17½
American Sugar	137½	101½	36
American Woollen, Pr.	102½	78	24½
Anaconda	75½	25	50½
Colorado Fuel	58	15	43
Distillers' Securities	78	44½	33½
General Electric	172	109½	62½
National Lead	76½	35	40½
N.Y. Air Brake	141½	93	48½
Pressed Steel Car	57	18½	38½
Pressed Steel Car, Pr.	100	68½	31½
Republic Iron	41½	15½	25½
Republic Iron, Pr.	100	63	37
U.S. Cast Iron Pipe	49½	20½	28½
U.S. Steel	50½	22	28½
U.S. Steel, Pr.	107½	81½	26½

It is to be borne in mind that the highest prices of most of these stocks represented already a big drop as compared with the highest prices in 1906.

It is said that American losses in the principal Copper Stocks amount to almost half a billion dollars in the last twelve months. One-third of these losses were in the so-called Cole-Ryan properties. Most of these stocks were held by rich men and pools.

RHODESIA AND MASHONALAND RAILWAYS.

The official statement on the recent market depreciation in the debentures of the Mashonaland Railway, and the Chartered Company's liability therein, sent by the secretary of the Company to a debenture holder, does little more than repeat the statements to which we referred in our last issue. As to the interest on the debentures, the Secretary writes—

> It may be added that the line on which the Rhodesia railways 5 per cent. debentures are secured has always earned, and is now earning, the whole of its debenture interest and that the line hypothecated to the Mashonaland railway first debentures has earned over an average of six years more than half of its debenture interest, which average has been maintained during the year ended 30th September, 1907.

Now, the annual aggregate of guarantees of the Chartered Company to the railway undertakings amounts to some £520,000, and a large proportion has to be found by the Company. Its last accounts are made up to March 31, 1906, and at that date there figured in the balance-sheet as being owed to the Company by the railways an aggregate of £752,629 in respect of the railway guarantees. An accumulation of over a year and a half since then has, of course, added very materially to that indebtedness.

LUBBOCK, SCHMIDT AND CO.

On Saturday, a circular issued by Messrs. Hollams, Sons, Coward and Hawksley, announced the suspension of this discount house. The firm consisted of Mr. Hugh Neville Lubbock, Mr. Hermann Schmidt, and Mr. C. E. Cater. It was only founded three years ago, but the business is thirty years old, having been commenced by a Greek, Mr. Corgialegno, in 1877. Mr. Corgialegno retired in 1904, and Mr. Schmidt and Mr. Lubbock, who had been his partners for some years, took it over, admitting Mr. C. E. Cater.

It is said that the firm may be helped over its present difficulties, its deficiency being comparatively small, though its liabilities of one sort and another have been put at £2,000,000, and we hope it may be so. There is very general sympathy with Mr. Lubbock.

"THOU SHALT NOT STEAL."

On the bulletin board of a Wall Street broker's office the following was posted the other day:—

> "Five thousand years ago Moses came down from the Mount and brought with him a tablet on which was written, 'Thou Shalt Not Steal.'
>
> "To-day President Roosevelt is giving the same advice and Wall Street thinks it is news."

On this a New York paper remarks as follows:—

This, of course, is a plagiarism from Thomas B. Reed, who, a number of years ago, described Roosevelt as a statesman who had "discovered the ten commandments." It was witty, it was true, and it was also a compliment to Roosevelt. The ten commandments cannot be preached too much; and certainly no generation has needed more than this to have "Thou Shalt Not Steal" preached to it. This commandment, in its application to the conduct of great competitive businesses, was in the nature of news. The

An opportunity to earn from £5 per week upwards. Learn to write advertisements. Prospectus and list of employed students post free.—Page Davis Advertising School (Dept. 46), 136, Oxford Street, London, W.—Advt.

HOW TO INCREASE YOUR INCOME.—Striking Success. Write at once for pamphlet, which will be sent post free on mentioning this paper. The CITY AND WESTMINSTER EXCHANGE, LTD., Stock and Share Dealers, QUEEN ANNE'S CHAMBERS, WESTMINSTER, S.W. Telephone Nos.: 367 Westminster and 7765 Gerrard. Tele. Ad.: "Stockwork," London.—Advt.

country is now at last learning that unfair competition, market manipulation, and rate discriminations, are stealing.

THE VOGELSFONTEIN PROMOTION.

Referring to our remarks on this subject in a recent issue Mr. James Hobbs, of 29, Fichardt Chambers, Bloemfontein, South Africa, writes to us as follows—

"May I say that your comments on the Vogelsfontein were read with interest by several friends to whom I showed them, and although the facts were known to us all through the piece, it was, as I pointed out, proof conclusive that all Londoners are not qualifying for the haven of rest at Colney Hatch. The few stones that have been found are what we call 'pin-heads,' and the mine is fairly defined by the reef at about 21 claims. The old Crœsus Company proved this before they turned it over to the Testing Syndicate."

FELTHAM'S BANK.

We have had various inquiries lately respecting this so-called bank. It may be useful, therefore, to direct attention to the following case, as reported in the daily papers of November 2 :—

"In the City of London Court, yesterday, Messrs. Blades East and Blades, Abchurch Lane, applied to have Mr. Harry Benson, lately trading as Feltham's Bank, Copthall House, committed for non-payment of £36 due. Mr. A. W. Timbrell, for the plaintiffs, said that the case was a bad one, as the debt was for cheque books supplied to the defendant's bank, which he had recently converted into a company. Evidence of that was given, and it was shown that the defendant was now the managing director of the company at a salary of £750 a year, and that he had received £3,000 in shares at the formation of the company. Defendant was a very substantial man.

"Judge Lumley Smith, K.C., ordered defendant to be committed for a fortnight unless he paid the amount owing in a month."

The law is in very much need of amendment as to what may, and may not, be called a bank.

TUBE FARES: REPORTED CHANGE.

"I see it stated," writes a correspondent of the *Westminster Gazette*, "that we may expect another change in the fares of the Twopenny-Threepenny Tube. In some observations which I addressed to you when the through fare was raised from twopence to threepence I questioned the wisdom of the change; for it was manifestly illogical, when an alteration was being made, to leave the fare, say, from the Marble Arch to Bond Street, and Bond Street to Oxford Circus, at twopence, while the street vehicles carried passengers three, and even four, times the distance for a penny. It is now, I observe, reported that, owing to the large decrease of passengers booking for the short, or twopenny, journeys, it is proposed to have penny fares. If this change had to be made at all—and it was obvious that it would come sooner or later—it should have been effected when the fare for 'all the way' was raised from twopence to threepence, in which case tens of thousands who have deserted the 'Tube' would have remained true to it, to the great benefit of the shareholders."

NEW ISSUES.

The London Asiatic Rubber and Produce Company, Limited, has been incorporated with a capital of £140,000, divided into 140,000 shares of £1 each. The present issue is at par of 107,000 shares, of which 80,500 will be issued as fully-paid in full satisfaction of the purchase-money, and 26,500 are now offered for subscription. This company has been formed to acquire as a going concern the undertaking and business of the Asiatic Rubber and Produce Company, Limited, which was registered in Ceylon, at the end of 1905, with a capital of rupees 1,500,000, of which 11,500 shares of 100 rupees each have been issued and fully called up, making a total issued capital of rupees 1,150,000, which, at 1s. 4d. exchange, amounts in sterling to £76,666 13s. 4d.

The Court of Directors of the Royal Mail Steam Packet Company have authorised Messrs. Robarts, Lubbock and Co. and the National Provincial Bank of England, Limited, as bankers of the company, to receive applications for £700,000 £4½ per cent. first debenture stock of the company at £98 per cent. The stock will not be redeemable for ten years, but after January 1st, 1918, the whole or any part will be redeemable at par at the company's option at any time on six calendar months' notice to the stockholders. The proceeds of the present issue of debenture stock are required for the redemption of the existing debenture debt of the company, amounting to £500,000, which matures on January 1st, 1908, and for the general purposes of the company.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ANGLO-FRENCH PROSPECTING COMPANY, LIMITED.—A correspondent writes to us complaining of his treatment by this Company, which has its place of business at 46, 47, and 48, Lombard Street, E.C. Have any of our readers had dealings with the concern? If so, perhaps they will give us their experience.

U.S. STEEL.—F. B. (Liverpool).—Yes, if the stock gets down to 39, it should be good to buy. There is no fear as yet of the 2 per cent. dividend being endangered, whatever may be the case later on. On the contrary, the quarterly report shows net earnings to have been $43,804,000, or about $4,000,000 above expectation; and $5,600,000 in excess of the corresponding quarter of last year. This practically ensures a profit for the current year of 15 per cent. on the common stock, 2 per cent. only being distributed in dividends.

PURE JAMAICA, LIMITED.—A. A. W. (London).—The objects of the company, as set forth in the prospectus, are excellent, but whether the company is likely to pay is another matter. If the Jamaica brands of which it has got control are good ones—as to which we know nothing—there ought to be an ample profit upon an average price of 2s. 2d. per gallon. If, as the prospectus states, "the average price of Jamaica rum obtained from the principal dealers in London is about 3s. per gallon of 35 over proof in Bond," there must be a big profit somewhere; but even at that price the company's estimate of a margin of 6d. per gallon would not seem to be unreasonable, and should enable a fair dividend to be paid upon the present issue of £100,000.

MERSEY DOCK.—A STRUGGLE TO LIVE (Birmingham).—Under the circumstances as described by you we should prefer another selection.

PREMIUM BONDS.—G. S. (Glasgow).—Yes, most of them are "fairly safe."

IDEAL BENEFIT SOCIETY.—W. C. S. (Bournville).—We are much obliged to you for sending us the book and journal.

SAFE INVESTMENT.—F. S. (Thornton Heath).—Your money could not be safer than in the Birkbeck Bank, but if you prefer to deposit with the Croydon Corporation at 3½ per cent., we know of no reason why you should not do so.

ROYAL OAK BENEFIT SOCIETY.—INTERESTED (Harringay).—Mr. Cooper's pamphlet would seem to state the facts respecting the Society in a fair way.

MID-OXFORDSHIRE GAS LIGHT AND COKE COMPANY, LIMITED.—OXON GAS (Palmer's Green).—We have read the correspondence you have sent us, and can only say upon it that the Secretary is much more courteous to shareholders than many of his class. We note that you are still waiting for the promised balance-sheet, which we should have thought would have been issued before now. If you applied for Debentures, and were allotted Preference shares, you should have refused to accept the shares. It seems too late now to move in the matter. If the statements of the Secretary are to be accepted, the Company seems to be making headway, and we can only hope that when the accounts are published they will confirm this suggestion. We return your papers, and advise you not to act hastily in the matter of getting rid of your holding.

BRITISH EQUITABLE BOND AND MORTGAGE COMPANY.—S. S. (Bootle).—We should take the £17.

THE UNIVERSAL STERILISATION COMPANY, LIMITED.—R. W. (Birmingham).—The address is "Imperial Buildings, Ludgate Circus, London, E.C."

THE BRITISH IMPERIAL ASSURANCE COMPANY, LIMITED.—H. W. (Walworth).—It does not follow that because the names of the directors are not to be found in the Directory of Directors that they are not reputable persons. We know nothing against the company.

PREMIUM BOND PAMPHLET.—L. E. J. (Wolverhampton).—Throw the pamphlet from the International Securities Syndicate into the fire. It is intended to induce you to buy Bonds at much above the market rate.

KEY INSURANCE COMPANY.—F. E. V. (Wexham).—We do not.

VARIOUS SHARES.—DODGER (Munstead).—All are very speculative, but promising.

SOUND INSURANCE OFFICE.—WARGRAVE (Edgware Road).—We should prefer another selection.

DRAWING OF BONDS.—E. H. (Bradford).—We do not know any English paper that publishes the drawings.

INVESTMENT OF £100.—WOLUNT (Glasgow).—The ordinary shares of the Carlton Hotel, at their present price, and on the basis of the last dividend, would give you a yield of over 9½ per cent. The prospects of the company seem excellent, and the price of the shares may be expected to appreciate, but, of course, a yield of this kind means, more or less, a speculative purchase.

THE NEUTRIOLA COMPANY.—H. L. G. (St. Helena).—Our advice to you would be to sell for what you can get. The company came to this country owing to a "Fraud Order" being made against them in the United States, whereby they were deprived of the use of mails. A similar order has recently been made against them in New Zealand.

EDINBURGH AND DISTRICT MOTOR-OMNIBUS COMPANY.—AULD BRIG (Ayr).—We fear there is little likelihood of anything coming back to you in the way of monies paid. Do not throw good money after bad.

ENDOWMENT ASSURANCE.—J. P. (Kilburn).—The Legal and General would give you a somewhat better return, and next the Mutual of Australia.

ACTION OF OUTSIDE BROKERS.—J. D. (Eaglesham).—(1) We do not think so, as the brokers by their contract undertake to carry on the shares indefinitely, leaving the clients the option for closing. (2) The shares are not really taken off the market, but the brokers undertake to deliver at any time the client desires against cash, taking the risk of the market moving against them in the meantime. This is, of course, a very undesirable method, but, provided the brokers do not fail before the client has completed his purchase, we do not see that the latter has anything to complain about. You appear to be one of the numerous class who, having speculated and lost, want to blame someone. It may be taken that when the shares are selected for the client by the broker they often include many in which the latter has personal control or interest, but the client can always avoid this by directing that specific shares be bought. The list you give does not appear to have been an unfair selection for a client who wished to open a "bull" operation in South African shares at the time of his purchase.

MUTUAL PROPERTY INVESTMENT AND ACCIDENT COMPANY.—A READER FROM THE BEGINNING (Blackburn).—We regret that we are not able to do so.

With regard to the answer given in this column last week to "W. D. M. (Bedford)," under the heading of "Farrow's Bank," it has been pointed out to us that it is not quite accurate. Farrow's Bank, like the Birkbeck and some others, offers interest on current accounts. Of course, that is not the case with great Joint Stock banks.

The John Bull Investment Trust and Agency, Ltd.

Governing Director—HORATIO BOTTOMLEY, M.P.

The Company is prepared to undertake every description of bona-fide investment business. It does not, however, entertain "Options," "Margins," or other "Bucket Shop" methods of speculation.

Deposits of £10 and upwards received as under—

Subject to 1 month's notice of withdrawal, 5 % per annum

" 3 " " " 6 " " "

" 6 " " " 7 " " "

All communications to be addressed to—

THE SECRETARY, 67, Long Acre, London, W.C.

JOHN BULL'S NEWEST THEOLOGY.

By Enquirer.

INTRODUCTION.

In selecting a title for (alleged) literature, the author has to be as careful as if he were naming a baby.

Even more so, for the child can live it down, while the literature may fall still-born from the press by very reason of its title.

Take, for instance, the boy whose full name is George Washington Trueman. When he comes to the years of discretion, which his father hadn't quite reached at George's christening, he may sign himself G. W. Trueman, and become a successful lawyer or commercial traveller, without anyone but himself noticing the anomaly.

On the other hand, take, for an apposite opposite instance, the series of articles here contemplated. Were they to be headed "Scriptural Studies," or the like, it is to be feared that 99 per cent. of their potential readers would carefully give them a miss in baulk.

Merely propose such a thing to the Editor of a secular paper, and watch the result—if he gives you time. With his mental fingers on the pulse of the world, his fleshly eyes instinctively glance at the Circulation Chart on the wall. In imagination he pictures the zig-zag line, with the steadily upward trend, taking a lightning-like plunge far into sub-normal—should he ever be so rash as to let any journalist loose on a series of sermons. And his judgment would be correct.

It may be a deplorable fact, but instead of wasting time and space deploring it, let the time and space be devoted to improving it. How, remains to be seen.

I recently visited an interesting little invalid, aged five. His sole amusement lay in having story books read to him, straight on, all day and most of the night. He was certainly good enough to allow time for meals, sleep, and gargles to any given readers, provided an efficient substitute was promptly forthcoming, but five minutes' break imperilled the peace of the household. I was commissioned to import a fresh supply of suitable books for his consumption.

At the bookseller's I bought one each of all the penny booklets for little children I could see. They were of the Jack the Giant Killer, Cinderella, Ali Baba, and the Forty Thieves type, and there were twelve of them. But it seemed that, for the shilling, I was entitled to a baker's dozen. There were no more fairy tales to be had, but the bookseller, after groping on a dusty shelf of neglected publications marked "Returns," produced a Scriptural story, specially written for the youngsters. He put it before me with some diffidence, but I took it gladly, inspired by vague thoughts of doing good by stealth.

Although it was the thirteenth book, I sought to counter any unlucky tendency by wedging it into the centre of the dozen, so that it was seventh, whichever way they came.

I fondly imagined this supply of readables would last a matter of ten days or a fortnight. So I was surprised to learn, after twenty-four hours' interval, that nearly all had been read over to the little impatient, not once, but many times. A motion had indeed been tabled that the homicidal Jack be read a sixth time, while it seemed that the Forty Thieves were in a fair way to have a separate audience apiece.

But there was one notable, because solitary, exception. The story of Goliath and David had missed fire. It had been repeatedly started, but invariably nipped in the bud by his discriminating little lordship. I was mildly shocked, and felt it my duty to look the image of saintly grief. My attempt, unfortunately, owing to lack of space, etc., cannot be reproduced.

But why had this happened? The story of Goliath and David is infinitely more interesting than the story of Jack the Giant Killer! Why had it alone been rejected? A glance at the first page of the Scriptural story revealed the reason. It was overcrowded with morals, injected into it in a fashion that the sacred writer himself had not adopted. Jack the Giant Killer had been written up by a journalist, whose business was to interest. Goliath and David had been written down by some other kind of writer, whose business apparently was not to interest, but to moralise. And thus it was that a charming story, which positively sparkles where it stands in the original, had become a prosy little sermon. And thus it is that the Grand Old Book is so widely misunderstood to be merely a volume of texts to preach sermons from.

I therefore propose, purely from a journalistic point of view, to show how interesting and entertaining a Book the Bible is.

In these days, when professional theologians are rushing in where angels might well fear to tread, surely the layman may step reverently into the outer courts of the Temple, and examine with interest a few of the dusty curios and neglected treasures these theologians have left behind them.

No. 1.—The Bible and Limericks.

Personally I am strongly prejudiced against gambling in any form whatever. (Some applause, I hope.) I never—well, hardly ever—win. (Applause promptly suppressed, I know.) But prejudiced though some of us may be, for that and similar cogent reasons, we must not jump to the conclusion that betting is a sin. It may be a legal offence. In this country it is indeed so, if practised in certain places within the meaning of the Act. It may be silly. In my case it most certainly is, for I have already blown in, on Limericks, all I expect to get for this article and more. But, according to my reading of the Bible, betting, on skill, strength, or chance, is not only unforbidden by the decalogue, but is recognised, tolerated, described, prophesied, utilised, and even sanctioned and encouraged.

Mention has been made of Limericks. It was against this absurd, because toilsome and time-wasting, form of gambling, that a certain minister of religion recently inveighed in the strongest terms, making all his strong points on "the *sin* of gambling." It is not part of our argument to cite other ministers of religion who have been raking in their full share of the big prizes in these infatuating gambles. Good luck to them, let us all say, and as good to ourselves. But before we leave the anomaly, it must be obvious that both sides cannot be right. When the Reverend non-competitor denounces Limericking as a "sin leading to lunacy, despair and destruction," and the Reverend Winning-Competitor writes to say that Limericking is a "scrupulously fair and mentally invigorating form of innocent amusement," which, if either, are we to believe?

The Bible and Betting.

Let us examine what the Bible has to say on the subject, and then judge for ourselves whether or not Limericking or betting is a sin. Should we find that it is not a sin, we may surely be as silly as we please with a clear conscience.

In Judges xiv., we have a splendid story of a really exciting gamble, well worth the attention of the best Sporting chronicles of the day.

In the 12th and 13th verses, Samson, the Strong Man, says to his thirty Philistine companions: "I will now put forth a riddle unto you, if ye can . . . find it out, then I will give you thirty sheets and thirty change of garments. But if ye cannot . . . then shall ye give me thirty sheets and thirty change of garments." Samson is here the bookmaker, and the "odds" he offered were "evens," if it be permissible to put it that way. "And they said . . . Put forth thy riddle . . ."

In other words, a trifle modernised, they took him on. They took him in presently, but, like all betting men, he had to run his chance of that. Samson then trotted out his famous riddle: "Out of the eater came forth meat, and out of the strong came forth sweetness." In the original Hebrew this may have had the beautiful cadence and rhythm of the modern Limerick. But, be that as it may, these thirty bright youths signally failed to fill in the winning last line. They had seven days to do it in, just as we have nowadays, but the time began to wear on. "And they could not in three days expound the riddle." No, nor in six, for we find them on the seventh day sounding Samson's wife as to the solution. "Entice thy husband . . . declare unto us the riddle, lest we burn thee and thy father's house with fire: have ye called us to take that we have? Is it not so?" These thirty men, you see, had literally "put their shirts on" the result (the original word being Sindinim or shirts). Samson's wife did not know the answer to the enigma any more than they did, but, because she "wept before him" and "lay sore upon him" he told her, as a great secret, just as we, in our weak moments, tell our wives things at the present day. And with the same result, viz., that everybody knew the secret in the next five minutes. And so Samson lost his bet, for "the men . . . said unto him on the seventh day, before the sun went down, What is sweeter than honey? and what is stronger than a lion?" As this was indeed the answer, Samson had to pay up, which he did. But

here is where we get a glimpse of the Biblical attitude towards the transaction, as apart from the mere historical narration of it. In verse 19 we read: "And the Spirit of the Lord came upon him, and he went down to Ashkelon, and slew thirty men of them, and took their spoil, and gave change of garments unto them which expounded the riddle." Please compare this verse carefully with verse 4 of the same chapter, in which we are told "It was of the Lord, that he sought an occasion against the Philistines." So that, without precisely claiming that the wager was an actual part of the Divine plan, we see clearly that the human practice of betting was utilised in that plan. Let us remember, too, that Samson was no commonplace sporting rowdy, but that he actually attained the then highest office in the land—that of judge—and held it for twenty years. (See Judges xv. 20).

This transaction of Samson's then was a simple case of private wagering on a question of ingenuity. But many other instances are recorded in the Bible where the casting of lots was made to decide huge public issues. We must, however, draw a strict dividing line between those instances where the casting of lots took place under the auspices of the priestly Urim and Thummim, and those other instances, of a secular nature, where simple chance decided the result.

In those days, after the judgment of Urim and Thummim (signifying lights and perfections), it was understood by the Israelitish religion that the Almighty Himself would direct the answer, and becoming reverence precludes us from doing more than mention examples without comment. Of these were the conviction by lot of Achan for "trespass in the accursed thing" (Joshua, chap. vii.), the precedence of the tribes in war (Judges, chap. i.), the election of Saul to be King (1 Samuel chap. x.), &c.

(To be continued.)

SHAMS.

MR. TAVERNER'S PENSION SCHEME AGAIN.

Referring to previous comments upon Mr. Wm. Taverner's Pension scheme, a correspondent sends us "The Pension Record" for September, which appears to be the official organ of the so-called Trust. On the outside sheet we are informed that "October 14th four days' income has just exceeded last quarter's total." If by that it is intended to convey that in four days Mr. Taverner has received a larger sum than in the whole of the previous three months, it is evident that the public, or some of them, are joining the scheme, which makes it more necessary to warn our readers that it is not one that ought to be supported.

In this number of the journal we have a statement of accounts. It is headed:—

"Annual summary 1906-7 to March 31st, 1907."

This, we suppose, is intended to mean that it is a statement of accounts for the year ended March 31st, 1907. We find the receipts put at £9,427 14s. 1¾d., and the disbursements at £9,397 11s. 9d., leaving a cash balance in hand of £30 2s. 4¼d. Of this sum we find that no less than £1,345 4s. 10d. went for law charges, stamp fees, and so on. Mr. Taverner seeks to explain this very large item by suggesting that the late solicitor to the Trust was dishonest. We do not know how that may be; we merely state the fact of the expenditure. Then we find an item of £103 6s. 7d. for "travelling"; another item is "working expenses at 6d. per member" £274 14s. 6d.; and under the same head "special allowances *re* old Board," whatever that may mean, of £61 17s. Under this same head of Disbursements we find "investments made, £7,249 12s. 7d."; but we note that under "Assets" "invested funds, loans, and mortgages" only amount to £4,300. There is no indication of what the investments consist of. In commenting upon these accounts, "The Pension Record" says that they "have nothing to do with Pension money, all pensions being paid out of monies received after April 1st."

"The Pension Record" commences its references to the Trust scheme by what it calls "A word of caution," which begins:—

"Some people ask 'Is the Trust perfectly sound and safe? Our emphatic answer is 'Yes, beyond a shadow of doubt.'"

We invite Mr. Taverner to give us the opinion of any actuary of repute confirming that assurance. We shall have much pleasure in publishing it, assuming it can be got. We do not believe for a moment that it can be got, and without it Mr. Taverner's assurances have no value.

PRISONER AT THE BAR.

THE EDITOR OF "JOHN BULL."

By S. H. DODDRELL.

Horatio—Stand forth! You . . . are now the Prisoner at the Bar. There are many, many charges against you. Your own self-conceit, for one. You think nobody else can do anything right. Your opinions and views, fully carried out, would command a world full of bliss. But, if everyone followed your example, they would all be editing papers, and spend the greater part of their time in hurling invectives at each other's heads. 'Twould be a pretty world. Imagination conveys but a slight impression of what would happen. It will not be denied that you have done some small amount of good by exposing swindlers, watch companies, and the like, and you have given considerable amusement to a number of people by your fierce denunciations; but does this free you of the scorn of the Limerickers? You, who so singled out these bits of harmless amusement (and—incidentally—for a few people, profit) for special hatred, swearing in your determination that you would never have such a thing as a LIMERICK in YOUR paper, have now roused the laughter of thousands of your readers by falling into the same craze. You say you shall have it only once; that readers will apportion their own prizes; that you add 10 per cent., and that it is only for advertisement. But does this atone the fault? You, who so unswervingly denounced these Swindling Limerickers, have now a sixpenny (!) last lineing Competition in your paper. Methinks your readers should apportion your punishment. Amongst your other numerous charges, one is that you have a ridiculous, imaginary, fierce, presumably beer-drinking, contributor named Jim Crow, who appears to do nothing else but crow! Who is this terrible monstrosity, who has this week an article about Love? What can he possibly know about love? He seems to me to be a somewhat similar brazen fault-finder as yourself, and deserves about the same punishment. But, enough! These charges have been proved, and you stand there undenying. The sentence of the Court is, and the Court doth award, that you shall, for the space of seven days, eat nothing but your own biscuits, which will, perhaps, make you less anxious to distribute them in future.

[You are a Doddrelling idiot.—EDITOR.]

AFTER MEALS

MOTHER SEIGEL'S SYRUP cures Indigestion, Biliousness, Constipation, Headache, Wind, Palpitation, Loss of Appetite, Dizziness. It is a purely vegetable preparation, and cures, in all cases, by aiding and strengthening the stomach and liver.

"I used to vomit till I was utterly worn out. I had pains at my stomach and fearful headaches. I could eat nothing, and had no rest night or day. But Mother Seigel's Syrup cured me, and I am still well."—From Mrs. Davis, 39, Herbert St., Harraby, Carlisle. May 6, 1907.

Have you a dull, heavy, oppressive feeling—a feeling that you have eaten too much? If so indigestion is at work. You may not have eaten too much for your bodily needs, but you have eaten more than your stomach can dispose of. For comfort's sake you will probably eat more sparingly in future. Then your strength will suffer, and your stomach, like every other organ of your body, be further weakened. That method can only end in ruined health. The real cure is to strengthen your stomach, and to do that you should

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Price 2/9—one size only.

AMONG THE BOOKS.

By Herbert Vivian.

"Catharine." By L. Parry Truscott. (London: Laurie. 1907. Price 6s.)

I was somewhat discouraged from reading this book by a circular which accompanied it. The publisher "ventures to draw" my special attention to the fact that "from the literary point of view it is the best story he has read for many a long day." Such a circular is a gross piece of impertinence, which is not likely to influence any reviewer favourably. Who on earth cares about the bookseller's opinion of his wares? And when on the top of this gratuitous puff I came upon a split infinitive, my opinion of Mr. Laurie's critical judgment began to sink. On the whole, however, the book is well written, and, what is more, it is of absorbing interest, great originality, and some dramatic effect.

Catharine was brought up by her grandmother in absolute seclusion. She hardly ever met a man before she was eighteen, and she was forbidden even to converse with her fellow-students at the convent school. She was not allowed to read anything but lesson-books and devotional work. The atmosphere of her home was intensely dull, and her grandmother scarcely spoke to her for days at a time.

George Gifford, a painter, came to call upon the grandmother, who was an old friend of his mother. The old lady found an unexpected pleasure in conversing with someone from the outer world, and actually asked him to dinner. His curiosity was awakened by the beautiful, impassive girl, and he asked leave to paint her portrait. After considerable hesitation, the old lady agreed. She was present at the first sitting, but later on Susan, an old servant, took her place. Then Gifford began to arouse the girl's interest in a vague way by his conversation. And all the time he felt a strange sense of predestination, as though he were "being rehandled by Fate as an instrument rather than as a conscious performer." One day he gave her a flower to look at, and was surprised to find that she kept it. He would have been still more surprised if he could have seen her after she had retired to her room.

> She sat there a long time, her hands clasped together on her knees, her attitude strained and absolutely still. Then a slight tremor seized her, her hands fell apart. She got up on her feet, her eyes wide open, full enough of expression and life now. She caught the rose out of its glass, pressed it against her face, her lips, kissed it, not once, but over and over again. She lifted her head, and the colour that George Gifford had hoped to see there flooded her beautiful face at last; and then, warm from her lips as it was, Catharine Ballard threw the rose out of her window—leant out to throw it as far as she could throw.
>
> For while she kissed it fear had seized her, and the last childish, impetuous act was the expression of her fear. She was not afraid of the rose, but of the unknown forces in herself that had suddenly made of it a living thing for her—a thing to be cherished, to be kissed. Every night and every morning she touched with her lips, hardly brushing it, her grandmother's pale cheek; once or twice her grandmother had touched the girl's forehead as lightly with her lips. That was Catharine's whole experience of kissing until she fell upon a fading rose to kiss and kiss it. No wonder, then, that the next moment she had thrown it from her. Later on, she tried to recover it. . . . Passion had shaken her as she kissed George Gifford's rose, and that she did not know. Now she cried without passion, but as one who craves for protection, peace, and that she did not know either.

One day Susan could not accompany Catharine to school, so Anne the cook took her place. Now Anne had a natural inclination for intrigue. Seeing Gifford come along the road, she darted into a cottage and left Catharine alone with him. Then matters advanced very rapidly.

> "Catharine," he asked, looking deep into her strange eyes, "are you glad to see me?"
>
> "Yes."
>
> Did she answer only what the mind of the questioner suggested to her, or had she a compelling mind of her own?
>
> "Why, Catharine? tell me."
>
> "Because——"
>
> "Child, why?"
>
> "Because——"
>
> "Oh, Catharine, you beautiful, beautiful child, why are you dumb? Haven't you wanted to see me—longed for it?"
>
> "Yes"—again her swiftly fading colour mounted—"yes, that must have been it—all the time."
>
> "All the time you have wanted to see me?"
>
> "I think so."
>
> He had dropped her hand. . . . He could feel her soft breath on his face; he could have kissed her easily, hardly bending, hardly moving at all. Why didn't he? But in the open street! He wasn't as far gone as that, he told himself—good heavens, not quite.
>
> "Catharine, do you know what love is?"
>
> "I am not sure."
>
> How could he reach her—how?
>
> "Catharine, aren't you mine, mine?" he whispered.
>
> Out of the unknown, the great, imperishable, invincible past, some part of her womanly heritage had floated down to Catharine Ballard, the human weed.
>
> "Do you want me to be yours?" she asked.
>
> The question, so direct and simple, startled him, turned him white, yet failed to sober him.
>
> "If you could know how much," he cried.
>
> She did not answer, but seemed to be staring over his shoulder, as though the street beyond him was peopled for her alone from shadowland.
>
> "Catharine, are you mine?"
>
> "Is that what is meant by love?"
>
> "Good, clever girl! They call that love."
>
> "Why does it hurt?"
>
> "I cannot tell you that—Catharine, are you mine?"
>
> "Yes," said Catharine, and for once she repeated herself: "Oh, yes."

Gifford now went through a period of serious reflection. He realised that this would not do, and that he must go away.

One night he suddenly set forth on his bicycle with the intention of taking refuge with a friend. After riding a very long way he changed his mind and came home. There he found Catharine waiting for him. He was horror-struck, and asked her what she was doing there.

> "I came because you called me—because I am yours."
>
> "Mine?"
>
> "You asked me. Besides, you called me—I felt you calling me all the time."
>
> "So you answered my call by coming?"
>
> "Yes."
>
> How simple it seemed from her point of view!

After some hesitation he determined to go and explain matters to the grandmother. But she placed the worst construction on the incident and refused ever to see the girl again. Obviously the only thing now was to marry her, but this she utterly declined on the ground that she had been dedicated from infancy to the service of God. She consented to live with him, but utterly refused to break her grandmother's vow. It took some time to persuade him to agree to this, but at last they went off together and travelled abroad. Her innocence sometimes caused awkward incidents.

> Once at a hotel an English lady, grey-haired, sweet-faced, stopped to speak to the beautiful girl—a remark or so concerning the weather, the pleasantness of the place and company. Gifford, through the thread of his own conversation, caught it all. Then: "You are going out?" the lady asked; "the fair gentleman over there is your husband, isn't he?"
>
> They had been near to Catharine at dinner, Gifford next to her, and the acquaintance just beyond, and the lady only desired to know, out of idle, kindly curiosity, who owned this wonderful-looking young wife, the fair or the dark man of the two talking together.
>
> Gifford's keen ears caught the question, interpreting it rightly, but as Catharine did not interpret it, he caught Catharine's answer also.
>
> "He is not my husband," she said, in the quiet, low tones that never miscarried; "I think you would call him my lover."
>
> She did not notice how hurriedly the lady ended the conversation; how, kind, motherly soul as she was, she drew herself erect as she swept away.

The love being so very violent on her side, it was natural that he should presently tire. This caused her a great deal of misery.

At last she went mad and tried to kill him. During the period of her derangement he realised how much he loved her. But by the time she came to her senses she had made up her mind to devote the rest of her life to good works. Then he went out into a storm and was struck dead by lightning.

> And it was in that lonely hour of high resolve before a great purpose could be frittered, betrayed, lost sight of in the world's bewildering maze, that God took him—the God who sees all the way, the God who knows.

The book is certainly depressing, the language is often exaggerated, and the plot weakens towards the end. But it affords us a very remarkable psychological study, and evidence of a strangely vivid imagination.

What is a Clerk?

An article of far-reaching importance to all who are engaged in business. Useful alike to the Clerk, the Salesman, the Traveller, the Manager, or the Proprietor of any Business large or small.

If any man that reads this question should himself chance to be a clerk he would undoubtedly be indignant if we were to give as our definition of a clerk—"the man who failed." Yet such is the case if we examine facts with an impartial mind. Men who succeed make definite positions for themselves. They become managers, salesmen, travellers, experts of some kind or another. But the clerk remains just the clerk, because he has no qualification which enables him to do anything more than office work of a more or less mechanical order.

"Yes," we shall be told, "but there are many men who, although they are simply clerks, possess sufficient ability and sufficient brains to make them capable of commanding success in other directions."

Exactly so. There are many clerks who could be successful in other directions, but the fact remains that they are not. Why? Why do they remain in the ranks of

The clerkly failures?—

for the very over-crowding of the ranks of clerks and the average poorness of the pay proves that they are the mass of mediocrity and failure from which the clever and capable few have been sifted out.

It is not that the clerk has no ability, but it is that he has never learned to apply that ability. Anyone who takes the trouble to inquire into the source of success in these later days will at once receive a very convincing demonstration of the fact that to-day *it is knowledge that wins.* In other days, influence or the simple virtues of punctuality, steadiness and sobriety were sufficient to ensure a man regular and mechanical advance in his business, but now it is no longer the case. The only men that move up are the men that increase their knowledge.

There is no college, or institution, at which commercial knowledge or information of that sort that a man needs in order to better himself in business can be acquired, but recently there has been published a book which is of the utmost value and importance to any and every man engaged in any kind of business, trade or profession. It is a book of which Messrs. J. S. Fry and Sons wrote: "We strongly advise all commercial men to purchase the work. It is the work *par excellence* for every business man."

The book we refer to is

"The Business Encyclopædia,"

which is not an encyclopædia in the ordinary sense of the word, but an encyclopædia of a special kind altogether. It is the first encyclopædia of Business ever issued, and its immediate success, and great popularity, prove unquestionably that it is an encyclopædia which has been wanted for a very long time. It gives exhaustive expert information on every point of business detail; on professional and legal matters; on financial matters, and on all matters relating to the conduct and progress of business.

It is an easy matter for any man to say to himself, "Oh, no book can tell me more about my business than I know already." This is a big mistake, and a costly one. The business you are engaged in is not the only one of its kind, and the "Business Encyclopædia" has been written by a variety of experts, who have had a life-long experience in every trade and profession. So that when you refer to the "Business Encyclopædia" you are referring to and making use of the experience of an expert.

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There is not a day which passes, there is not a business difficulty which occurs, there is not a piece of office routine in which you would not find the help of the "Business Encyclopædia" of considerable value to you. We are not speaking in a general sense; we are speaking to every commercial man, and are speaking of every business and every profession. The "Business Encyclopædia" is as extensively used by business principals as by managers and clerks, and all classes find it equally valuable.

The shopkeeper finds it valuable because it helps him to get more business. The clerk finds it valuable because it helps him

To get a better position.

The office manager finds it valuable because it helps him to organise his staff and his work. It is valuable to the managing director, or the secretary, or the accountant, or the correspondent, for similar reasons. If all these men find it valuable to them, what justification is there for your thought that it will not be equally valuable to you? The greatest mistake that any man can make is to think that he can dispense with aids which more successful men have found indispensable. The reason they succeed is because they do not disdain expert help. If you want to progress you must make use of similar help. In the "Business Encyclopædia" you can have this help always ready at your elbow, ready to refer to whenever need arises.

That most successful man, Sir Thomas Lipton, keeps the "Business Encyclopædia" in his office, and says that it is "most valuable to every business man." The Lord Mayor of London, Sir W. Treloar, is equally emphatic as to its value and utility. If you like, we will send you a list of the names of a few of the big firms and successful men who use the "Business Encyclopædia" in their everyday business.—R.C.E.

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OPEN LETTERS AND POST-CARDS.

To Sir Oliver Lodge.

Dear Sir Oliver,—I have been reading your interesting lecture—for everything you have to say has the rare merit of being interesting—on the "Immortality of the Soul." I suppose that problem is as old as man. Yet during all the thousands of years during which man has discussed it, or thought about it, or written of it, he has not added a single fact to the terms of the hypothesis.

The truth is that the proposition of the eternal persistence of life is in the nature of things unprovable. Theologically, immortality is only a promise with limitations; only the good persist, the wicked are destroyed. That doctrine came from old Egypt, where Osiris, judging the dead, "weigheth their heart in the scale of justice and sendeth the wicked to regions of darkness, while the just are sent to dwell with the god of light." Philosophically, immortality is a hope. Physiologically, it is a negation.

You take us no farther than our faith, with all your eloquence. Neither you, nor any man, can bring us face to face with certainty, with facts. In his "Natural Law in the Spiritual World," which I am sure you have read, Henry Drummond built up a beautiful argument by means of scientific analogy; but analogy is not evidence. On the other hand, we have Haeckel, in "The Riddle of the Universe," pulling down with ruthless hands the whole superstructure of immortality, and declaring that "the belief in the immortality of the human soul is a dogma which is in hopeless contradiction with the most solid empirical truths of modern science." And so far as you are clear as to your own conception, your idea of immortality seems to be rather spiritualistic than Christian.

But neither words nor thought can settle such a fruitless controversy; the finite must necessarily leave it for settlement to the infinities. Meanwhile, we can all face the great Call as Huxley himself faced it,

> Be not afraid, ye waiting hearts that weep;
> For still He giveth His beloved sleep,
> And if an endless sleep He wills, so best.

JOHN BULL.

To Miss Phyllis Dare.

Dear Child,—I really begin to think that papa should whip some of the naughty vanity out of you. Evidently the need is serious, and he cannot take you in hand too soon. At seventeen years of age you have written your reminiscences, "From School to Stage," being apparently under the impression that you are a person of importance. But let me assure you, Phyllis, that a child of seventeen cannot possibly be anyone in particular. She should still be at school—"finishing off."

You say that people you have never even heard of have asked you to write an account of your theatrical life. For your own sake I should have been glad if you had continued not to hear of them. This book, my dear, shows that you have very little knowledge of the theatre, and no knowledge at all about life. It would be strange if you had. Knowledge of life and knowledge of the theatre, my child, only come with great and varied experience of both. You are not old enough to have had much of either. "I am firmly convinced," you say, "that if only people would show a little more common-sense with their children when they are on the stage, we should not hear so much about the so-called harm which the theatre is said to do to the rising generation." It is not for me to say whether you are one of the rising generation yourself. But it is obvious, I think, that at seventeen you must still be growing. While this is so, I should not be "firmly convinced" of anything, if I were you; you have so many years in which to change your mind. When you are my age, you will be "firmly convinced" of nothing.

Let me offer you a word or two of advice. Put vanity behind you. Cultivate your art earnestly with all your mind and strength. Then some day you may become a great artiste. You are very beautiful and very clever, and very sweet; but vanity and flattery will not make you one, and picture postcards will not make you one. Believe me, I do not speak unkindly, but as a father who desireth the good of his children. Do not write any more reminiscences till you have lived—there's a good girl.

JOHN BULL.

To Miss Barbara Lapoukhine, St. Petersburg.

Dear Miss Russe,—When next you are abducted in London, in broad electric light, wounded, and imprisoned in a cellar, I beg that you will invite somebody to witness the occurrence.

Of the half a dozen different yarns in the newspapers, from the interview with you in the *Evening News*, which never took place, to the semi-official communiqué of the Scotland Yard officers engaged in hunting you high and low, however, I am bound to say I prefer the semi-official communiqué. Briefly, this is that what you said in your letters is accurate with the exception of the fact that you were not abducted, that you were not imprisoned in a cellar, that you were not wounded, that you never intended to commit suicide, that "your brooch and cross with amethysts" were not stolen; in fact, that you disappeared for your own purposes and reasons, unaided and unabetted by any person whatsoever.

What your purposes and reasons were I neither know nor care. But I think it will be a pity if you allow those talents of romance which have distinguished your brief career in London to run to seed in Russia. As a writer of the short story you should do exceedingly well. Your literary style is good, and your notion of a plot, though a little hackneyed, is quite up to the modern average. If you have a fault, it is that you do not "jine your flats." Always remember, that a story which it is improbable can be possible is more convincing than one which it is impossible can be probable; but I feel sure you will be able to make the most of either.

JOHN BULL.

To Herr Maximilien Harden, Editor "Das Zukunft," Berlin.

My Dear Herr,—I do not like your literary style, but I admire your resource and courage. When a journalist has done two periods of six months in a German fortress for daring to criticise the Kaiser, he naturally becomes as wily as the fox and as stealthy as the serpent. So it is that in your attacks on the unmentionable eroticisms of the Eulenburg faction circling your great monarch, you were driven to allegory. We do not write leading articles in this country in allegory, or even in parable. *Das Zukunft* is a sort of JOHN BULL of Germany. But I do not cultivate the allegory.

You have made a magnificent fight, and you are the victor. Moltke and his friends are disgraced, humiliated, and broken men; and the Kaiser, with his eyes open, is free. Accept, therefore, my congratulations. You deserve well of Germany. How far the influence of these vile creatures extended is not for me to say. You say it destroyed Bismarck and the successive Chancellors who have guided the blundering foreign policy which has practically isolated Germany from every other world-Power. That will not be proved, or disproved, perhaps, till another daring and equally well-informed pen takes up the story of Potsdam where it was left by the Memoirs of the Prince von Hohenlohe.

We in England acknowledge in your Kaiser a man of active if wayward genius, conscious of the inspiration of a high mission. If your service to the Fatherland has been great, Herr Harden, it has been still greater to your Emperor and King. You have rid him of these men of Sodom and Gomorrah who defiled him with their counsels and compromised him with their friendships, and you deserve his thanks. Their judgment is written in letters of flame, and burned upon their foreheads: "He that is filthy, let him be filthy still."

JOHN BULL.

To the Right Rev. Francis Bourne, Archbishop of Westminster.

My Dear Lord Archbishop,—In common with many Roman Catholic citizens I am glad to hear the news that the Pope has decided to hold a Consistory shortly, at which you will receive a cardinal's hat. Your elevation has hung fire for a long time, but everything comes to him who is not in a hurry. You did good work among your fellow religionists while Bishop of Southwark, and it has not diminished since your appointment as Archbishop of Westminster. The more I know of you and learn about you the better I like you, and the best and the most I can say about the hat is that you deserve it. May you long live to wear it.

JOHN BULL.

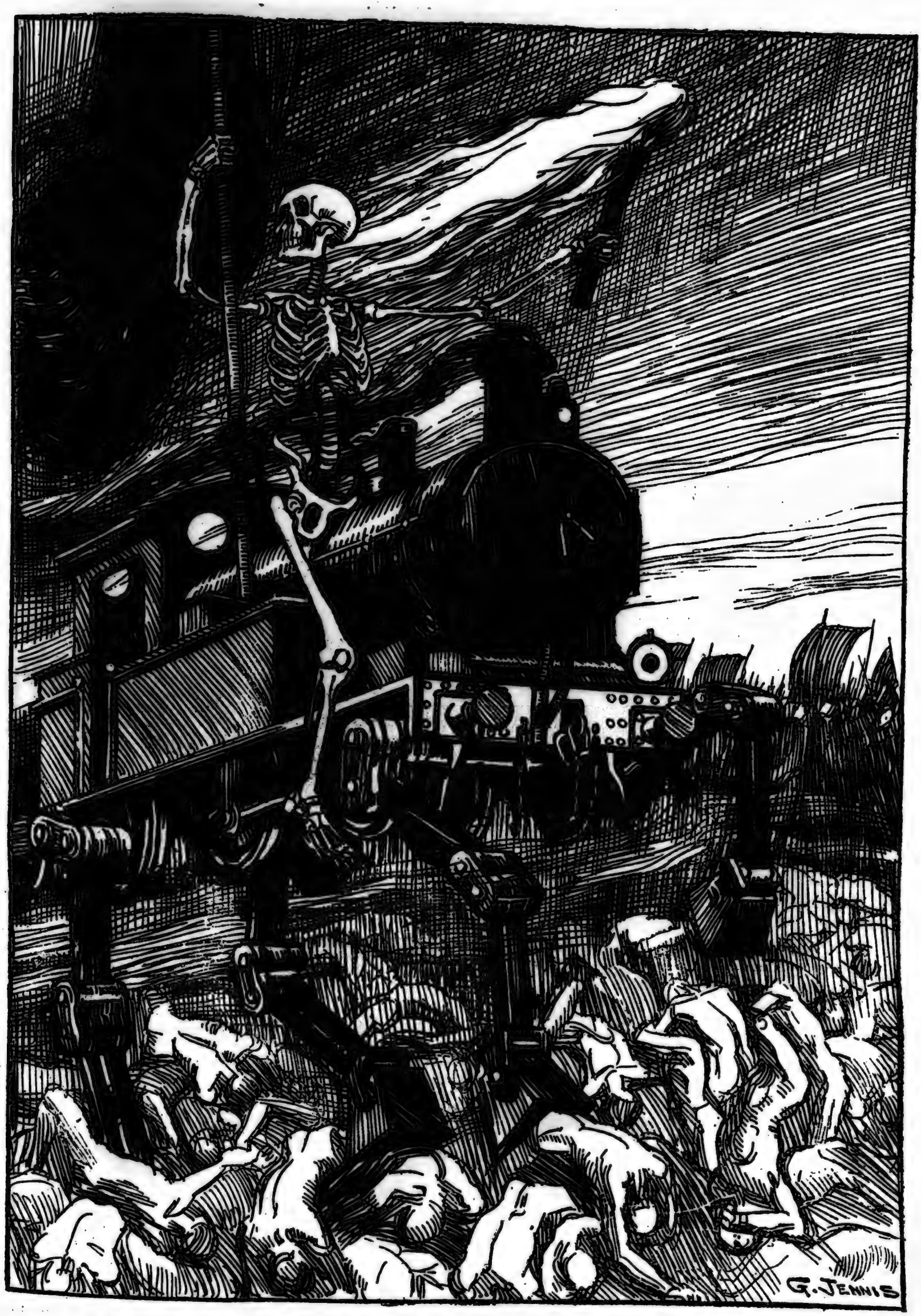
To Mr. Ferdinand Pinney Earle.

Dishonoured Sir,—You are doubtless a lunatic, although there is a little method in your madness. Your wife is very obliging, agreeing meekly to your arrangement with your "affinity." I have seen this kind of thing before, although under a more ugly name

I notice that you have narrowly escaped a tar and feathering. But this is altogether too soft. I beg you to keep yourself, your present "affinity," and all the future "affinities" out of my island. There is no room for you here. I have my hand on my whip.

JOHN BULL.

BEWARE!



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For 21s. we make you a suit to measure, which is valued by thousands of our customers at £3 3s. If any suit you buy from us is not to your liking, return it to us, and we will refund your money in full. *NO OTHER FIRM OF CASH TAILORS MAKES SUCH AN OFFER.*

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"Riverside," and "Royal,"
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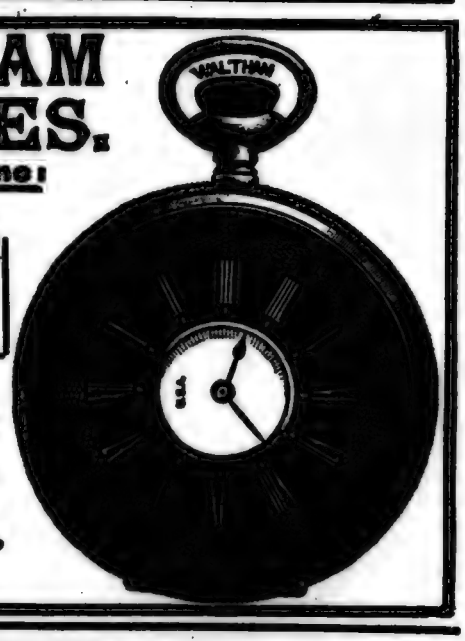

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For any period in Town or Country. Repayments as mutually agreed upon. No fees or bills of sale, and strictest privacy.

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in a high-grade position? Our service is for the class of men who have real ability—the men who can do things—men who are looking for an improvement in their position, yet don't quite know where to look for it. For such we have many positions open. Write to us to-day.

HAPGOODS, Ltd., 27, FLEET STREET, LONDON, E.C.

CURIOSITIES OF "FREE" DENTISTRY.

The National Dental Hospital.

The National Dental Hospital, Great Portland Street, and Devonshire Street, London, W., is an institution the management of which suggests several questions that have a direct bearing upon the purity and honesty of which registered dentists so frequently boast. Here is a hospital which, at the head of its Annual Report, advertises the fact that it is "Unendowed," "Free," "Entirely dependent on voluntary subscriptions and donations," and that it is "Open to all poor persons applying for relief, from whatever district or locality they may come." An examination of the Report for 1906 shows that only £566 14s. 9d. was received as voluntary subscriptions during the year, while £1,276 10s. 3d. is shown as "patients' payments." According to the rules of the Appliance Department of this "free" hospital, "a charge *towards* the expenses will be made, the minimum being £4 for an upper and lower denture, and £2 for an upper or lower denture," to be paid in advance. When it is pointed out that, according to their own figures, the cost of a denture is not 10s., and this fact is taken with the figures given above, it will be seen that there is something requiring a good deal of explanation before one can be satisfied as to the real meaning of the word "free" in connection with this institution.

Advertising the Staff.

On looking further into the published records of this National Dental Hospital, many curious and interesting facts are revealed. In the first place, we find that in the list of the hospital staff, the full addresses of all the surgeons and other officials are given. Why? We can suggest no other reason for this than the obvious one: that the staff are here advertising the fact that they carry on private practice at the addresses given. In the Calendar of the Royal Dental Hospital, and also in the Report of the Dental School of Guy's Hospital, no such addresses are given, and it must be remembered that these two institutions are the first of their kind in London. Another curious point in connection with the National Dental Hospital is that the Committee of Management, on page 9 of their Report of 1906, not only suggest their own superiority as dental practitioners, but they seek to depreciate the importance and utility of such institutions as Guy's Hospital Dental School. Here is what this advertising Committee of Management say:—

> "The relief obtained at the general hospitals and dispensaries in this special branch of practice is confined to extraction; the result is that many thousands of teeth are lost, which in a properly organised dental hospital would be preserved. Dentistry, like every other branch of medicine and surgery, has, during the last few years, made great progress, and teeth which formerly would have been sacrificed are now saved and rendered serviceable."

The Committee of Management claim that "the hospital saves a great number of patients from diseases which would eventually force them to become inmates of the general hospitals"; and they add the following significant words:—

> *"It is impossible to estimate the advantages that an institution of this nature affords to the poorer classes by enabling them to obtain that skilled attention for which they cannot afford to pay."*

Now, all this smacks of the advertising dentists' circulars. Here we have the belittling of other practitioners, and the assurance that the advertisers are the only persons who can do the right thing. As to the treatment of patients at other hospitals, one has only to consult the Calendar of the Royal Dental Hospital and the Report of Guy's Hospital Dental School to find out how superior in every respect are their equipments for all dental purposes to those of this advertising "free" concern.

Philanthropic ex-Students.

But we must go deeper to reveal the "true inwardness" of the administration of the National Dental Hospital. It would seem from the figures we have already quoted, and also from the Report (for 1905) presented by the Dean of the Hospital, Mr. Sidney Spokes, that this is an institution in which the "poor" are "taken in and done for" in more ways than one. What is the meaning of the following passage in the Dean's Report?—

> "The students, when they leave upon taking the L.D.S. diploma, in many instances do not cease to render service to the institution and its patients, as is shown by the fact that, during 1904, 630, and, during 1905, 518, patients were given recommendations to past students, for work *to be done at hospital prices*, mostly for dentures, in suitable cases, who, for reasons of time or distance, were unable to receive treatment in the hospital. This system has been of great benefit to

such patients, and has been much appreciated by them. It affords them an opportunity of avoiding the undesirable and frequently unscrupulous advertisers."

We do not question that the "system has been of great benefit to such patients," but we would suggest that it has also been of great benefit to the dentists to whom those patients have been sent. As to work being "done at hospital prices," this, in every case, means a handsome profit to the practitioner. Again, on page 12 of the Annual Report of the Committee of Management of the hospital, we observe that "in July a new departure was made, after much consideration, in order to cope with some of the cases which, while requiring treatment, had to be sent away, there being an insufficient number of students to treat them. Mr. F. R. Wilson, L.D.S., was appointed Clinical Assistant, to do fillings, etc., *at a slightly increased price.*" [The italics are ours.] Here, again, we have not only a curious comment upon the word "free," but we have the admission of employment of unqualified assistants to perform operations for which fees are charged; also that higher fees are charged for the services of a better qualified man. In other words, two qualities of work and two scales of charges.

On the face of it, this "free" National Dental Hospital looks something like a fake. What other explanation can be given of the facts we have cited? It is admitted that hundreds of patients who are invited to go to this "free" hospital on the strength of the assurance that "it is open to all poor persons applying for relief, from whatever district or locality they may come," are sent to the private addresses of the hospital staff and to students who have been connected with the hospital, who thus realise a large profit from the arrangements so cunningly devised for their benefit.

BELITTLING OTHER INSTITUTIONS.

But this is not all. There is an element of hypocrisy in the whole business which we desire to expose. The General Medical Council, on May 20, 1894, adopted the following resolution:—

> "That the attention of the Council having been called to the practice of advertising by certain dentists, it is hereby resolved: 'That the issue of advertisements of an objectionable character, and especially of such as contain either claims of superiority over other practitioners, or depreciation of them, may easily be carried so far as to constitute infamous or disgraceful conduct in a professional respect.'"

If the advertising of its superiority and the implied inferiority of other hospitals, to say nothing of the publication of the addresses of its staff, does not bring the Committee of Management of the hospital within the terms of this resolution, there is no meaning in the English language. Be it, however, remembered that these self-same advertising dentists are actually leagued together to crush out of existence all practitioners who advertise their readiness to supply the dental wants of the public at reasonable charges. We believe that Mr. Sidney Spokes, L.D.S., etc., the Dean of this National Dental Hospital, is an active member of the British Dental Association, the body which is the prime mover in causing to be struck off the Dentists' Register the names of practitioners who have been held to be guilty of conduct such as this resolution condemns. When these facts are put together, the position of Mr. Sidney Spokes and the staff of the National Dental Hospital is one that strikes us as being deserving of the serious attention of the General Medical Council.

AN INQUIRY NEEDED.

In conclusion, we suggest that the management and administration of the National Dental Hospital should be made the subject of an inquiry by a competent and unprejudiced tribunal. At any rate, the public, especially the "poor," should be warned against falling into this "free" trap which has been so ingeniously set for them.

ROUNDEL DE QUEUX.

BY A MAN IN THE STREET.

O, William Le Queux of the Carmelite clan,
I sing of the glittering ways you pursue—
The skies that you reach, and the stars that you scan,
O, William Le Queux.

I take off my middle-class bowler to you,
And gape at the wide intellectual span
That stretches from crimson to purple and blue.

Away with the fireworks of Stratford and Man,
And all the expedient spangles they strew:
In luminous lavishness nobody can,
O, William, lick you!

GIVE
BAHADURS

A TRIAL. A TRIAL.
THEY CANNOT BE EQUALLED.
OF ALL STORES AND . . . . . TOBACCONISTS.

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Old Broad Street, E.C.,
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DEALERS IN
STOCKS AND SHARES.
Immediate Cash Payments, irrespective of Account Days.
Write for latest edition of pamphlet
"WEALTH"
Sent Free on Application—together with our Terms of Dealing.
CASH ADVANCED ON APPROVED SECURITIES.

CHARING CROSS BANK.
(Established 1870.)
23, Bedford Street, Charing Cross, London, and
39, Bishopsgate Street Within, London, E.C.
Branches: Manchester, Liverpool, Leeds, Bradford, Bristol, etc.
Assets, £1,607,949. Liabilities, £1,236,871. Surplus, £371,078.
LOANS of £50 to £2,000 granted at a few hours' notice in Town or Country, on personal security, jewellery, precious stones, stocks, shares and furniture, without removal.
Stocks and Shares bought and sold.
Two-and-a-half per cent. allowed on Current Account Balances.
Deposits of £10 and upwards received as under:—
Subject to 3 months' notice of withdrawal 5 p.c. per ann.
" 6 " " " 6 "
" 12 " " " 7 "
Special terms for longer periods. Interest paid quarterly.
Owing to the nature of our investments, we are able to pay rates of interest on deposits that will compare favourably with dividends paid on almost any class of stock or share-holding insuring the safety of capital. We have been established for 37 years, and our position in the banking world to-day testifies to the success of our business methods, and to the satisfaction of our customers. Write or call for prospectus.
A. WILLIAMS and H. J. TALL, Joint Managers.

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2½ PER CENT. INTEREST
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All general Banking Business transacted.
ALMANACK, with full particulars, POST FREE.
C. F. RAVENSCROFT, Secretary.

AMONG THE MUMMERS.

Vain Actresses, Young and Old.

Women are all vain, of course; but actresses, as a body, have far more than the usual allowance of feminine vanity. We excuse it in elderly ladies like Bernhardt, who have something to be proud about, who possess a talent unique and memorable. We can pardon them, even when they get silly books written concerning them—like Jules Huret's volume on Sarah, and the still later and more foolish "Autobiography," so-called. We feel that it is our fault that these women of the footlights regard themselves as of more interest and importance than other women equally distinguished, or more so. It is a scribbling age, we say, and a garrulous age; and old ladies, especially elderly actresses, will be old ladies and exaggerate their own value and attraction. Whether we read their books, or, rather, the books about them, which they hire literary hacks to write, or content ourselves with a perusal of the publishers' announcements—as is the way of wise men who have no use for this too-prevalent blether—we smile cynically or indulgently, and no great harm is done. Indeed, good may result, for these alleged biographies or autobiographies must be written by somebody, their pretended authoresses being incapable of writing them for themselves, and, presumably, they must be paid for. They provide work for printers, bookbinders, and the like; there is, I imagine, profit in them for publishers and booksellers, and they part a few idiots from a few shillings that might be spent at least as inflammably in other directions.

O! Phyllis!!

But we must draw the line somewhere, and I, for one, draw it at Miss Phyllis Dare's budget of twaddle which is being retailed just now, price "a bob a nob." "From School to Stage," it is called, and I have seldom been confronted with a more amazingly or naïvely impudent production. Thanks to the adoration of the senile editors of certain illustrated journals, the worship of a large body of noodles in this country who confuse beauty with tooth-washes and genius with booming, and the equally defective taste of the purveyors of picture post-cards, many of the little girls who earn their living by walking about, and simpering and thinking they sing, in musical comedy, have been spoilt past believing. Treated just as young ladies who have nice figures and know how to do their hair (or get it done) they would remain very pleasant and youthful creatures—for quite a long time. But led by brainless journalists and their egregious following, artfully manipulated by shrewd and sophisticated managers, the musical comedy girls of the period, with their unceasing and unescapable grins, become a nuisance and an affront to all sane citizens. If one takes up his morning paper to see what is happening in the worlds that actually matter, he discovers instead a long fake interview with Miss Snooks, *alias* Adèle D'Avril, touching her views on matters of which she has never heard, much less has knowledge worth repeating. If he be bound for Brighton and buys a sixpenny weekly at the book-stall, there on the very first page will smirk at him the haunting dental display whose omnipresence has already shaken his patience all to pieces in town.

The Coming Terror.

When we get airships that will really fly, I foresee the upper and lower jaws of Miss Snooks duly painted on their sides, whilst the tourist submarine of the future will offer the same nightmare in half-hourly vanishing pictures. If they all begin to write books in their teens, too, heaven alone will be able to help us. It is a case in which providential interference would be an act of grace; meanwhile, a little straight paternal advice, from such of the girls as have fathers, might not come amiss. Miss Phyllis Dare is one of the most charming of our musical comedy young ladies, and I use her autobiography merely as the text of a protest. She has set a bad example. There may be, as she says there are, people who have asked her to "write the story of her stage career"; there are, no doubt, people who (like myself) will be stupid enough, under the pressure of an ignoble obsession, to buy it. Clearly there are publishers who will put stuff of this kind on sale. I understand that Messrs. Collier and Co., who are responsible for the issuing of this work—and a beautiful, bountiful puff of a book-maker in the same week—is merely a son of Mr. Hall Caine, trading under a fancy name. This is an explanation, but it is no excuse. In fact, it is almost an aggravation.

The New Mac.

I am delighted to learn that the gifts of my friend Dr. Macnamara are at length being recognised in the most unlikely quarters. We have known him for years as the champion of the school-teacher, and the teller of all the best tales in existence on the subject of juvenile precocity. Latterly we have come to regard him as one of the most accomplished band of golf-liars (the most harmless and amusing of the whole tribe of liars, not excepting those who fish), and as an affably energetic, if partly muzzled, Under-Secretary. Now he stands before us as a much more notable person, as a possible rival of George Robey and Wilkie Bard and Harry Lauder in the 'alls of England. A leading West End manager, hearing the Doctor's vocalism at a local concert at Camberwell, has offered him at once an enormous salary—four or five times as much as he receives for serving his country at Westminster and elsewhere—to tread the boards. But it is all in vain; Mac will remain an amateur entertainer, even though his enemies denounce him as a professional politician. In some ways it is a pity, for the variety stage is distinctly shorter of funny men just now than the House of Commons. Yet, on the other hand, there are many members of the Lower House who could be better spared to the recognised spheres of popular amusement than Macnamara; and, besides, there is always the House of Lords.

Peers and Palace Girls.

Miss Marie Dressler, now appearing at the Palace Theatre, is said to be paid £500 per week. She is worth it, more or less. Now, Mr. Alfred Butt is a business man, and he knows how English people love a lord, even though, as Mr. H. C. Lea has said they all are, he be a "doddering idiot." Lords were never cheaper (or nastier) than to-day; look how low some of them have gone to rich Yankee girls; and anything more diverting than a regular real lord in his full wearing apparel cannot be imagined. Some of these lords are selling at £500 a year and less as guinea-pigs; why not at £500 a week as serio-comics—with the accent on the comic? Dr. Macnamara brought down the house in South London with one of the political ditties from Gilbert and Sullivan, and there are many such in the same repertory, exactly fitted to the use of members of the Peerage. Why should not they bring down the house at the Palace? Either in combination with the Palace Girls, or as a separate turn, a Chorus of Peers would be worth the consideration of Mr. Butt. All the younger sons, of course, would flock from the Empire to see "the old man," and the populace, I feel sure, would gaze upon them gladly.

A Real Prodigy.

The juvenile prodigy, as a rule, is at once cruelty incarnate and a burden grievous to be borne. The methods by which its unusual proficiency is attained argue an even more mis-spent youth than did the efficiency at billiards of Herbert Spencer's Athenæum bishop, and the result is generally devastating. But there are exceptions to every rule; and they have one at the Empire just now. This is Fregolina. Everyone knows how some children are born mimics, attaining without apparent effort to a wonderful skill in hitting off the salient characteristics of grown-up people, especially such as they may dislike. The dominies among my readers, I am sure, will remember more than one case of the kind: maybe remember it for very personal and well-defined reasons. Fregolina's art seems to me just as spontaneous as that of the school-child or the corner boy. A twelve-year Tuscan girl, she saw Fregoli, the great quick-change artist, and forthwith fell to imitate him. Gradually her scope was widened; and now she gives at Leicester Square half an hour's entertainment of the "Protean" order entirely on her own. I hate children on the stage generally, with their silly little grimaces and carefully drilled antics. But Fregolina vanquished all my prejudices at once. She is a genius, and yet a very natural petite. She enjoys her performance obviously, and so I enjoyed it. By the way, the Empire, Alhambra, and Palace programmes just now are probably the finest variety programmes ever presented in Europe. Whilst our opera and our theatres, at least, hold their own with the rest of the world, our music-halls lead— and that by a very long way.

P.

We have received from Messrs. Raphael Tuck and Sons, Ltd., a fine assortment of their Christmas and New Year cards, calendars, toy books, postcards, and art novelties. "Good wine needs no bush," and it is sufficient to say that the 2,000 entirely new sets of cards and 400 different calendars fully maintain Messrs. Tuck's reputation. Special mention may, however, be made of the "Art Etui" series, which contains reproductions, by permission, of the special Christmas cards which the firm has had the honour of designing for the King and Queen and the Prince and Princess of Wales.

SHERRY.

Sherry is the most economical of wines, for it never spoils. The last glass out of a bottle which has been long opened is just as good as the first. Sherry is, above all, the wine for men who smoke. A good cigar makes a good glass of Sherry taste all the better.

BULL'S EYES.

SOME UNFOUNDED RUMOURS:—That Lord Rosebery has only lately discovered that he is a Peer.——That Keir Hardie has become a Mahometan.——That Berlin has not been justifying its geographical position.——That there are no *fair* Limerick Competitions (see page 437).——That the Socialists are subsidising certain papers for "booming" them so persistently.——That the American financiers are not in a "dollar-us" mood.——That the "Fox and Bell" is a popular name for railway station hotels.

The New York Knickerbocker Trust has collapsed suddenly. It wanted bracing up.

The man who "takes things easily" is generally he who gets plenty of "time" for it.

Mr. Edison has invented a cement with which three-storey houses can be built in twelve hours. Problem: If the houses are "stuck up" what will the tenants be?

Mr. Matheson Lang, after playing *The Christian* at the Lyceum, plays *The Devil's Disciple* at the Savoy. He is making friends in both "places."

A French chemist announces that he can manufacture diamonds as large as oranges. If so, some of our Park Lane potentates will get the pip.

Owing to an accident to a coal cart, a Bishop and a Dean acted as coal-heavers for half an hour recently. The experience gained may be of use some day.

The authorities of Lausanne have forbidden the playing of diabolo in the streets. A "reel" blow to the game.

A municipal candidate at Exeter offers to retire from the contest if a woman will take his place. Does he always go after the ladies?

The kite is said to be the rarest bird in Great Britain. But they are plentiful enough in the City.

Another American has died through yawning. The Yankee papers must be duller than usual.

According to a juror, Shoreditch workhouse is called the "Land of Promise." It must be a Pop'lar resort.

Curious that an overdraft at the bank, and an over-draught at the pub. should result alike—you lose your balance.

A delightful reminiscence of Herbert Spencer in the October *Cornhill*:—"On days when Mr. Spencer was feeling well, the drives in Brighton were more extended. It was on one of these days that, on the old high road to London, the question was ventured, 'I suppose it was along this road that George IV. used to drive in a high barouche?' The answer was prompt: 'I take no interest in the criminal classes!'"

A contemporary asserts that "there are scholars to whom Rutilius Namatianus is only a name, if he is even so much as that." We thought it was a medicine.

A contemporary recently asked, "What type of man pleases a woman most?" Our printer suggests "English interchangeable," as the fount of every blessing.

Glasgow Council has refused to black out sporting news in its free libraries. This is bad news for publicans.

The name of a voter who has been dead four years, but whose rates have been paid all the time, has just been removed. He must be a hot politician.

Contents-bills are curious reading at times. Here is one: "Local Weddings of the Week. Narrow Escape of a Clapham Tradesman."

Mrs. Russell Sage, millionaire's widow, has taken to motoring, and claims that she is "getting to be a regular scorcher." But what about her late partner?

Beecham's advertisements are always interesting. Here is the latest: "Follow the Crowd. The majority take Beecham's Pills." We think we would rather precede that crowd.

The Bishop of London has been playing lawn tennis with the U.S.A. President. In lawn sleeves, of course.

An old gentleman complained that he had called on the Treasury five times and each time was kept waiting exactly one hour and a quarter. It speaks well for precision and the methodical conduct of national affairs.

WHEN YOU RETIRE

it is the work of only a few seconds to place your trousers in the good keeping of an

EVERITT'S

PATENT **COMBINED PRESS AND STRETCHER,**

which does its work silently and well. Next morning your trousers will possess an immaculate crease, will hang perfectly, and impart a very smart appearance to the wearer.

If you are in want of a handsome piece of Bedroom Furniture, you will be interested in our Dressing Chests and Press Stands. Write for List "K."

The Everitt Press Manufacturing Co.,

17, Laurence Pountney Lane, Cannon Street, London, E.C.

THE FOLLOWING 1,000 BEAUTIFUL

DUTCH BULBS

For the Garden for 20/- Carriage Paid.

This is the finest collection and the cheapest of the season. It turns your Spring garden into a little flower paradise, and contains: 40 beautiful Hyacinths, 60 single and double Tulips, 60 Parrot Tulips, 40 Crocus, 40 Scilla Belgica, 40 Star of Bethlehem, 60 Daffodils, 100 Scilla Sibirica, 20 sweet-scented Jonquils, 60 Ixias, 40 Grape Hyacinths, 40 Ranunculus, 60 Anemones, 20 Feather Hyacinths, 20 Glory of the Snow, 200 Iris Hispanica, 60 Alliums, 40 Snowdrops.

All these 1,000 Bulbs for 20/- carriage paid. Half quantities—viz., 500 Bulbs for 11/- carriage paid. Quarter quantities—viz., 250 Bulbs for 6/- carriage paid.

The following 400 Beautiful Bulbs for Indoors for 20/-, Carriage Paid.

For growing in pots, glasses, boxes, &c. This collection contains the earliest and most beautiful varieties: 40 Hyacinths for exhibition, 20 earliest white French Roman Hyacinths, 60 Tulips in 20 varieties, 40 Daffodils, 20 Polyanthus Narcissus, 20 sweet-scented Jonquils, 40 earliest Snowdrops for forcing, 20 Scilla Sibirica, 20 earliest white Alliums, 20 Fritillarias Pewet's Egg, 20 earliest French Freesias, 20 Chionodoxa, 40 Crocus, 20 Winter Aconites. All these 400 bulbs for 20/- carriage paid. Half quantities—viz. 200 Bulbs for 11/- carriage paid. Quarter quantities—viz., 100 Bulbs for 6s. carriage paid.

All Bulbs warranted to give entire satisfaction. Our firm was established in 1869. By appointment to H.M. German Emperor, and favoured with orders from Royal Gardens, Kew, Royal Regent's Park, London, H.M.'s Government Engineer, Gibraltar, etc.

REMITTANCES.—Please send cheque on your own banker, or postal orders crossed "National Provincial Bank of England."

Illustrated Catalogue Free upon application. ***JOHS TELKAMP'S Bulb Farms, Hillegom-Haarlem, Holland. Postage of letter to Holland, 2½d.***

A LITTLE REST

is good for the housewife, and an easy way to get this rest is to have the floors covered with **CATESBY'S CORK LINO**, because it needs no scrubbing and harbours no dust. Special patterns for halls and stairs. We allow a discount of **2s.** in the £ for cash down. We pay carriage.

CATESBY AND SONS,

(Desk 20), 64-67, Tottenham Court Road, London, W.

A 4/6 Package FREE

TO TRY IF YOU HAVE **PILES.**

Send your name to-day and get by return post our new 3-fold Treatment which is curing thousands.

To every person who sends us the coupon below at once we will send **—Free to Try—our complete new three-fold absorption cure for Piles, Ulcer, Fissure, Prolapse, Tumors, Constipation,** and all rectal troubles. If you are fully satisfied with the benefit received, send us 4s. 6d. If not, we take your word and it costs you nothing; you decide after a thorough trial.

This treatment is curing even cases of 30 and 40 years' standing, as well as all the earlier stages. Act now and perhaps save yourself great suffering. Our three-fold treatment cures to stay cured, because it is constitutional as well as local, and we want you to try it at our expense. Our valuable new **Pile Book** (in colours) comes free with the approved treatment, all in plain package. Send no money—just the coupon—to Dr. Van Vleck Co., MN 9, Victoria Chambers, 65A, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

DR. VAN VLECK. (From Photo.)

FREE 4/6 COUPON ENTITLING ANYONE WITH PILES to receive, prepaid, FREE to TRY, a regular 4/6 PACKAGE of Dr. Van Vleck's 3-fold ABSORPTION TREATMENT, together with our valuable New Book in colours. (In Plain wrapper.)

Name .....

Address .....

Only one trial package to one address. MN9

TO ENJOY

your morning Shave use The

"NUTSHELL"

AUTOMATIC STROPPER.

It will save your time and give you perfect satisfaction. We guarantee it to produce and *maintain* a keen edge on any ordinary razor. Its action is quite automatic—you simply hold it in one hand and turn the handle with the other, fast or slow, it makes no difference. *Half-a-minute* before each shave is ample. Strong and simple in construction, with nothing to get out of order. Compact and self-contained, having no loose ends, beautifully finished in nickel and brilliantly polished, in box complete, post free **2/6.**

Have it on Trial.

With every machine we issue a GUARANTEE to refund money if returned within 10 days. Of high class Cutlers and Hardware Dealers or direct from the Patentees G. H. EHRINBERG & Co. 22, SNOW HILL, LONDON, E.C.

Free Booklet:—"Modern Methods in Shaving."

DON'T MEND PUNCTURES, END THEM.

Any cycle agent would be glad of an opportunity of proving to you the unpuncturable nature of the

Sphinx Bands.

They do not slow the tyre, do not add perceptibly to weight, do not ruin the rubber, but they certainly do

PREVENT PUNCTURES.

Price **2/6** per band.

Any difficulty in obtaining, write the Dept. 18,

COUNTY CHEMICAL CO., Ltd.,

BIRMINGHAM.

"WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER?" See page 1.

Following the tennis match between the President and the Bishop of London, the following arrangements have been made:—Raisuli and Sir Edward Grey will play a great game of bluff.——Lord Northcliffe and Mr. Lever will play the new game of catching Sunlight.——Mr. Grayson and Mr. Pearson will enter upon a bottle-shooting match.——Several M.P.'s have arranged to play diabolo with the Speaker.

Sir William Treloar visited the hosiery warehouses when in Leicester, and secured donations for his cripples' fund. He must be getting quite a long stocking.

While ploughing in a field at Los Angeles, a labourer unearthed an old can containing £300. Doubtless he did a can-can.

Mr. Frohman is arranging to give theatrical performances on the Cunarders. He will doubtless float a company for the purpose.

Yarmouth's last windmill was recently sold for demolition. It dies game—raising the wind.

A lady's maid, attacked by a man, managed to scratch his face. Her "finger-prints" have enabled the police to "nail" him.

A barber advertises for two hundred men to be shaved in a music-hall exhibition, and says "cabmen preferred." They are a thick-skinned lot.

"Men are all the same," says Mrs. Craigie. It's only with the other sex that "It's a different girl again."

According to the *Tribune*, yellow waistcoats are coming in. If trousers follow, the Yellow "Press" may become a "necessary" evil.

The Bishop of Birmingham says there is far too much brass in our churches. True, and the Bishops get much of it.

Admiral Germinet, of the French Mediterranean Fleet, thinks that the *Dreadnought* is a great mistake. But she was not built to please *Germinet*.

"The Inner Woman" is the title of an article in a contemporary. No doubt it proves that men can't do with outer.

"Life is a puzzle," says Max Baring. And we are all struggling to get the "pieces."

According to Mrs. Despard, "The child belongs to the State." Of course—the married state.

"This woman has a grave, and it is a valuable asset," pleaded a creditor at Clerkenwell. He meant that her future was provided for.

"Woolwich Arsenal Crippled," reads a heading in the *Express*. Want of hands is the trouble, we thought.

The Police Commissioner of the City of London says that at present there are no "habitual criminals" in his district. Justice is blind.

President Roosevelt has offered a Michigan couple, who have already eleven children, a farm of forty acres when their progeny numbers twenty-two. Mere kid.

More than 500 girls struck at some Paisley thread works out of sympathy for the boys in the turning shop. They came "out" after the boys, as usual.

The White Star liner *Cymric* recently carried a batch of 600 single women. If the captain is a married man we admire his pluck; if single, ditto.

The growing of plants by electricity is the latest. It should prove useful for raisin' currents.

"A brother is a home-made mirror that never flatters," says the *Star*. But he usually speaks without reflection.

Nine bags of hairpins were found on a Manchester tramp charged with begging. He got a month, so won't need them for the present.

A section of Lord Northcliffe's lambs were instructed, the other day, to address their "attempts" to Shark Limericks, 2, Carmelite Street. Truth will out.

A certain parson advises Limerick liners to give up the craze, and take to long-distance walking. The liner who wins Lipton's motor car may have to follow this advice.

Swiss milkmaids sing while a-milking the cows. Sometimes we *have* noticed a slight hum in the region of a newly-opened tin of the condensed fluid.

JOHN BULL'S LETTER BAG.

[THE EDITOR *replies to, and has a chat with, some of his numerous correspondents.*]

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Will readers when sending cuttings from newspapers take care that in each case a sufficient portion is sent to identify the name of the paper and the date of issue?

Our readers will doubtless remember the Cricket Handbook which we distributed last Easter. We have a number of similar handbooks containing Football Fixtures and other interesting information relating to the game, and shall be happy to send a small parcel of them upon application from club secretaries and others interested.

G. B. (St. John's Wood), "Dido," W. B. (Hampstead), "Bob R." (Manchester), G. C. (Brixton), T. W. (Walthamstow), H. H. (Gorleston-on-Sea), H. S. (Uxbridge), J. W. W. (Kirby Cross), and others, write raising points upon our Model Limerick Competition. All these are being well borne in mind.

R. F. (Birmingham).—If you will go in for these competitions, you must abide by the judge's decision.

J. H. (Shepherd's Bush) is anxious about the German Emperor's visit to Holland. We are not.

W. H. L. (Gospel Oak).—If the Harmsworth publications had not already received so many biscuits, we would certainly give one to the *Evening News* for having an article. "No man living has yet beaten Roberts level," and then going on to say in the article that the only men who ever defeated Roberts in a level match were W. Cook, Joe Bennet, and the American, F. Ives. Unless, of course, those men are not now living.

L. G. (Stamford Hill).—We respectfully refuse to be referees in Limerick competitions.

P. S. H. (Manchester) wants a biscuit for the *Manchester Evening News* for forecasting the weather as "cool but close." A very small one, if any.

F. R. (Ballarat) sends us two threepenny-bits for a copy of JOHN BULL OVER-SEAS, and points out that after paying for the same and postage, there will be three-halfpence over—which he directs us to hand to Jim Crow for a pint of beer. F. R., however, has evidently not heard the good news of Jim's reformation.

J. J. P. (Tottenham).—You have failed to grasp the facts. A. L. S. had not a winning number.

B. B. (Manchester).—We are communicating with *Ally Sloper*.

"ADMIRER" (Hull) consulted Hapgoods', who, in return for a commission, procured him a post. His engagement was terminated before the expiration of a year, his late employers, under their agreement, paying him a substantial sum as damages. "Admirer" says that Hapgoods' undertook, in the event which has happened, to give their services up to the expiration of a year from the time of their originally placing him, without further fee. We are afraid we cannot enter into the details of the case. "Admirer" appears to have come very well out of it, as things in the mercantile world go nowadays. He agrees with us that the Empire Mercantile Agency are "fishy," and wonders what has become of the Rex Trevor Agency, 151, Regent Street, who have suddenly ceased advertising. We wonder.

"NIL DESPERANDUM" (London).—Sorry we cannot depart from the published terms of our Scheme.

W. (Finchley).—You will see we have dealt with the Bishop.

W. H. H. (Leicester).—Thanks for interesting memorial card. Your father's dying declaration of faith is almost identical with that of the late Austin Holyoake, who was a younger brother of George Jacob Holyoake, and died in 1874.

S. P. W. (Newton Abbot).—Thanks for letter, but we are sick and tired of the Limerick frauds.

L. W. D. (Stoke Newington) wants to protect witnesses under the Factory Acts by compelling firms to retain their services. We fear, however, that this might lead to abuses, besides interfering with freedom of contract. With reference to a grant of £15 for Young Men's Christian Association Sports at Bournemouth, L. W D. points out that the sports attracted visitors on to the pier, and that the grant was therefore in the nature of an investment.

W. H. (London, N.) had to write seven times to Chapman and Co. before he could obtain the result of their competition. We are afraid we know nothing about Mr. H. H. Wilson (137, Royal Road, S.E.), who obtained 24,269 signatures and £100.

W. W. (Tooting) writes about the hard case of a woman who went abroad to seek a fresh start without notifying the police. As he points out, if she had notified to them that she was going to New York, they would probably have informed the American police, and she would have been turned back. It is certainly very hard that she should be arrested now that she has married and reformed.

R. T. K. (Bow), H. T. B. (Edmonton), "H. M. S. HANNIBAL," P. M. (Fenchurch Street), "BILLY BUTTON" (Liverpool), "A CONSTANT READER" (Shoreham), K. M. R. (Cowes), and many others, disagree with the biscuit we awarded to the *Cottager and Artisan*. We are sorry that the biscuit has disagreed with so many people.

"Thanks for putting me on to the Clemak Safety Razor it's a jolly good thing."

RAZOR AND 7 BLADES 5/-

A BLADE FOR EVERY DAY in the WEEK.

The Seven-bladed "CLEMAK" has revolutionised the Safety Razor business of the world. Scientific machinery has made the Guinea "Safety" of yesterday a Five-shilling razor to-day.

We've dared to fix a retail price that means a "square deal." "CLEMAK" Safety Razor sets are **complete at Five Shillings.** Seven perfect blades—a nickel silver safety frame and stropping handle, all in a compact little case.

It's the safest safety razor in history. Everybody becomes an expert barber with the first shave—IT'S IMPOSSIBLE TO CUT THE FACE.

"CLEMAK" blades are guaranteed to the limit—they are the keenest, finest tempered, and easiest shaving of all razor blades. They can be STROPPED like the ordinary razor, and will last for years.

SHOULD YOU ALREADY HAVE A SAFETY and be bothered with sharpening, buy "CLEMAK" blades—they will fit your safety frame. Price 2/6 per packet of 6, post free.

"COMPLETE SATISFACTION OR MONEY RETURNED" IS THE "CLEMAK" MOTTO.

"CLEMAK" book on "SELF-SHAVING" (40 pages) post free on application.

SEND POSTAL ORDER FOR 5/-, mentioning "JOHN BULL," and receive your set prepaid, from

CLEMAK RAZOR CO., BILLITER ST., LONDON.

On Sale at all Clements' Razor Depots: 99 & 123, Strand (under Savoy Hotel), 42, Old Bread Street, 43, Moorgate Street, 68, Cheapside (under Bennett's clock), 127, High Holborn, 41, Gracechurch Street, 13, London Street, E.C., 45, Queen Victoria Street, 17, Billiter Street.

Every quality that makes for perfection in Shaving Soap is found in "Shavallo"—

a thick, close, creamy lather, quick to soften, slow to dry; a mildness that never irritates and a perfume that delights.

For comfort and speed in Shaving, no other Shaving Soap—British or Foreign—measures up to "Shavallo" in its special Ivorine Case—and "Shavallo" is British made.

Shavallo
THE IDEAL SHAVING SOAP

In Ivorine case, allowing direct application of soap to face, 1/- each. Ordinary cake in carton, 4½d. each, of most Hairdressers and Chemists.

Made by JOHN KNIGHT, LTD.,
SOAP MAKERS TO THE KING,
THE ROYAL PRIMROSE SOAP WORKS, LONDON, E.

BUCHANAN'S

"BLACK

&

WHITE"

THE WHISKY OF WORLD WIDE REPUTE

Liverpool VICTORIA Legal FRIENDLY SOCIETY.

CHIEF OFFICE—ST. ANDREW STREET, LONDON, E.C.
Claims paid exceed..... £6,000,000
Invested Funds £3,000,000
Cash Bonuses paid, 1906..... £114,000
LIFE AND ENDOWMENT ASSURANCES AT POPULAR RATES. WORLD WIDE POLICIES.
ARTHUR HENRI, Secretary.

"JEWEL" PEN

There is no FOUNTAIN PEN made which for simplicity, reliability and all-round excellence can rival the famous

"JEWEL" PEN

In the words of the users, it HAS NO EQUAL

Perfect flow. Duplex feed. Gold Nib, fine, medium or broad. Post Free. 5/-; mounted, 7/6.

JEWEL PEN CO., Dept. 113, 102, Fenchurch St., London, E.C.

5/- 5/-

PEN

Your Own Promissory Note.

Privately and promptly discounted for cash at the following rates of repayment:

£50	for 12	Monthly Payments of	£1	12	6
£50	" 12	" "	£4	3	6
£100	" 12	" "	£8	6	8
£250	" 12	" "	£20	16	8
£500	" 12	" "	£41	12	6
£1,000	" 12	" "	£83	6	8

These repayments include principal and interest. Shorter periods by arrangement. No fees or publicity. Apply in confidence to the actual lenders:
CHARLES STEVENS & Co., 12, Devonshire Chambers, Bishopsgate Street, London, E.C.

Our Model Limerick

COUPON.

Fill up this coupon and send it, with the necessary postal order, *crossed "John Bull, Limited,"* to the Editor, JOHN BULL, 67, Long Acre, London, W.C., and mark the envelope, in the left-hand top corner, "Limerick."

JOHN BULL is the journal we read;
It contains all the features we need.
How each Thursday we revel
In "World, Flesh, and Devil"—

.....

Fill in the last line to scan and rhyme with the second.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

For Full Particulars See Page 437.

"PHILO" (South Norwood) inquires about Messrs. Curtis Gardner and Co., King Street, Cheapside, who turn firms into limited liability companies. Can any readers advise? We fancy *Truth* had something to say about these people.

H. H. (Dalston) sends us an advertisement of "a lady's remarkable cure" after taking certain pills. He contends that as this quack remedy has only been on the market for about three weeks, there has been no time to effect a cure. We do not quite follow this, though we have no belief in efficacy of the remedy.

MAJOR G. F. G. (Harold's Cross) says that our open letters "as a means of stimulating digestion and creating a healthy state of mind, are nulli secundus." We hope that they are better than the horse of that name (which ought to be renamed Semper Secundus) or the wretched balloon of the same name.

"A VOLUNTARY CONTRIBUTOR" (Horley) lately visited an Aerated Bread shop and noticed a label, "Contributions to the Hospital," pasted over the attendants' fund-box. On congratulating the cashier on the generosity of the staff, he was told the box had been appropriated for the day for the use of the hospital by order of the company without consulting the employees. He wants to know whether the company itself subscribes to the hospital.

E. B. P. (Handsworth).—We really have not time to read Mr. Le Queux's stories. John Wilkinson was not the only man to issue tokens. We are not an authority on widows. We can think of many terser toasts than the one you send. If you have bet your wife a sovereign that we do not read your letter, you lose.

H. S. (Highbury Barn).—We expect that *Answers* does not often forget to deduct its commission.

MESSRS. CHAPMAN AND CO. (Norwich) have sent us a stencilled communication with reference to complaints about their Nervlettes competition. They now assert that they advertised results in the *Daily Mail* and *Daily Telegraph*. Why did they not say so to the numerous correspondents who have written us on the matter, and when did the advertisements appear? What did they do with all the signatures they received?

"ITA LEX SCRIPTA" (Sutton) has got into an argument with the *News of the World* about a Limerick competition. He got nothing for a line which was practically the same as one which received £43 10s. 3d. But he presumably agreed to accept the editor's decision as final, and the conditions make it clear that a share in a prize can only be claimed for a line which is word for word the same as a winning line. We are sorry for our correspondent.

C. T. D. (Wandsworth Common) has been analysing the results of the premium bond competition in *Answers*. He draws our attention to the curious coincidence that certain people and certain places receive prizes with undue frequency. A possible explanation, however, may be found in the fact that competitors club together, as the paper gives preference to those who send in many coupons.

R. M. (Corfe Castle) points out that the *Sporting Life* reported that "Balting-lass did another day's walking this morning." He wants to know if the horse can gallop as well as he can walk, and he asks if we have a biscuit to spare.

"A CHEMIST'S ASSISTANT" (Walton-on-Thames).—We had no intention of being unfair to the Pharmaceutical Society, and we thank you for your information.

"LOW TIDE" (London, E.C.) is delighted to find that a ship is not a place within the meaning of the Act. There is evidently a fine opportunity for some enterprising bookmaker. We have not heard that "'Low Tide's' chum, Crow," was robbing the sparrows of their crumbs to regain his lost thirst, but we are ready to believe anything about him.

"PEPPERMINT" (Leeds) insists that "if women have their ears pierced simply with the intention of hanging ornaments upon them, they display a sad lack of common sense." He asks what we would say if women went about in this country with rings in their noses. It depends upon the length of the rings and whether they got in the way. In a recent issue someone asked about a firm of carriers (Mory and Co., Butler Street). "Peppermint" says these carriers are in the bad books of the French Customs authorities. His firm recently had to pay a very heavy fine for false declaration of goods. Of course, the declaration was made in ignorance, but "Peppermint" naturally blames the carriers. It is a golden rule in life always to blame somebody else for your misfortunes.

Mrs. McL. (Ashford) tells us that, as the result of our recent article, her boy has now been admitted into the best school in the district. We are glad to have been of service in the matter.

"FAIRPLAY"—who does not favour us with either his name or address—takes us seriously to task for our recent open letter to Sir Squire Bancroft, and in a postscript expresses the opinion that we shall call him "a damned fool." He is a bit of a thought reader.

"TYPO" (Worcester).—Many thanks for letter. We are glad to know that workshops and factories connected with religious and charitable institutions are to be officially inspected from January 1st next year. Thanks for other information.

P. C. (Kilburn), being annoyed at what he calls the persecution of JOHN BULL, has determined to do all he can to increase our circulation. Other readers please copy.

B. S., jun. (Forest Gate), agrees with our views about Servia. He suggests that the British minister should be withdrawn from Belgrade, and that an ultimatum should be sent to the Servian Government demanding the abdication of Peter and the expulsion of the Regicides. Failing this, he would have Belgrade occupied by British troops. But how would they get there?

W. H. W. (Stoke-on-Trent) wants a biscuit for *Lloyd's Weekly News* for stating that "keen-eyed observers could hear, or said they could hear, the screws of the Nulli Secundus whirling in the air." We do not see what the keenness of their eyes had to do with it, but we suppose they observe with their ears if they are long enough.

E. H. K. (Southall), who wrote to us some time ago about a child which the Kilburn Orphanage refused to allow him to have back, has now been satisfied and tenders apologies to the Orphanage.

J. H. (Brixton) writes us a mysterious letter to say that Jim Crow "has been unmasked and now stands naked and ashamed before the public gaze." Jim denies the soft impeachment, and vows that he would not be ashamed even if the statement were true. Our correspondent has been consulting an Indian Yogi, and this is the result: "First comes the crow. He is a perfect outsider, an unamiable vagabond, a Sestina of the Tramp Royal. He combines all the views of the roaring lion that goeth about seeking what he may devour, with the underhand, sneaking, whining ways of the habitual beggar, and puts on whichever character best suits his purpose. He is bold, he is rude, he is reckless, he is impertinent, he is an habitual thief." Jim has already threatened us with a libel action about his portrait, so the Yogi had better beware.

C. E. (London, E.C.) has a friend who sent money to Chapman for an incubator, which he never received. He now finds that the signatures to his letters are being pasted on to circulars of the Dorado Watch Co., and he would like to know if the swindles are identical. He also asks if the Editor drew the picture of Jim Crow, and when we are going to start a daily paper. The Editor can only draw cheques and badgers, not pictures, but he will draw attention to his daily paper when the times comes.

E. M. (Lambeth) sends the story of what he calls "a true Jim Crow." This was a cock on a battle-ship during a fight in 1794. When things were going badly he mounted the stump of the mast and crowed. The first lieutenant cried "Back to your guns, men. While we live we will crow." And back the men went and fought like game-cocks until relief came. The first lieutenant was promoted captain, and the bird was given a biscuit. Hence all this thusness.

B. H. W. W. (London).—Thanks for good wishes. Someone else has already told us about the *Suevic*.

X. Y. Z. (Bradford) likes our paper, but, being a scientist, does not quite like our sneers at arylthioglycollicorthocarboxyylic. He protests that "The names of these groupings of atoms are always incorporated into the name by which the substance is known. When, therefore, we are told the name of a substance we can (assuming knowledge of first principles) always state the behaviour and character of it and the reaction which the substance will undergo when brought into contact with other substances." Of course. How stupid of us!

"ABERITE" (Aberystwyth) takes us to task for our occasional inconsistency, but we venture to point out to him that the man who makes no mistakes never makes anything. "Aberite" thinks that "Jim Crow's empty, insipid, inane stuff is simply unbearable, and that learned critic, Vivian, who pretends to read (shades of Jessop!) eight or nine of the (according to him) most common-place books you could wish to see," deserves to be kicked. This truculence is happily illustrated by the fact that our correspondent has omitted to oblige us with his name.

R. H. P. (Chingford) points out that Mr. Bumble called the law "a ass," not "a hass." This is, of course, a very common mistake, almost as common as that about "see Naples and die." We will try to find a crumb. Can't spare a whole biscuit.

"SIGMA" (London, N.) was delighted with our cartoon of his friend, the arch-diabolist.

M. R. (Earl's Court).—Good gracious, we have not begun to think about Christmas yet. When did you hear the clock strike 12.18?

R. S. T. (Clapham) says that there were no electric cars in Catford two years ago. What a pity!

F. H. T. (Forest Gate) confirms our opinion of Armstrong and Co., 10, Sandland Street, London. He had their circular in answer to an applicant, offering 4s. 6d. per 1,000 for addressing envelopes. F. H. T. has doubtless seen the reports of the police court proceedings, so we will say nothing more at present.

S. J. S. (Brentwood) ridicules the *Daily Mail* for announcing that John Burns "took a tramway car" the other day. But is it not evidence of the modesty of the truly great?

W. R. (Castle Cary) tells us about a stupid lottery prosecution at Shepton Mallet. We suppose the police have nothing better to do there.

G. M. (Bridlington).—By all means.

A. Y. (Camberwell).—See answer to G. M. (Bridlington).

"ROBIN."—See answer to F. H. T., Forest Gate.

E. H. (Eltham Park).—Yes, we saw that.

S. B. (Holloway).—Quite a good biscuit.

W. W. W. (Bromley).—Poor old woman!

LIPTON'S

Tea Merchants.

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS.

GOLD MEDAL ST. LOUIS.

By Special Appointment.

GROWERS OF THE FINEST TEA THE WORLD CAN PRODUCE.

NO MIDDLEMEN'S PROFITS.

NO QUALITY EQUAL TO LIPTON'S.

Direct from the Tea Gardens to the Teapot.

Sole Proprietors of many of the most famous Tea, Coffee and Cocoa Estates in Ceylon, covering thousands of acres.

LIPTON'S,

CHIEF OFFICES:

City Rd., London, E.C.

BRANCHES AND AGENCIES EVERYWHERE.

LIPTON'S TEA

THE

LARGEST SALE IN THE WORLD.

S. T. (St. Anne's) and R. K. (Maida Hill).—We do not even take upon ourselves the responsibility of judging our own "Limerick," let alone anyone else's.

C. A. S. (Birmingham) suggests that we should ask the clerical shareholders in railway companies to forgo their dividends until the condition of employés has been improved. An excellent idea.

R. C. M. (Wimbledon), W. L. T. (Woodside Park), and others call attention to various points connected with our Model Limerick Scheme. They may take it, however, that all such matters have been fully borne in mind.

A. H. L. (Oldham), H. E. W. (Canterbury), and others.—You have not sufficiently compared the conditions of our "Limerick" with those of others, or appreciated the fact that we do not propose to repeat the venture.

H. L. (Stratford).—Sorry your suggestion comes too late.

Our Fleet Street Poet sends this:—

At the Mansion House lately, the Crown
JOHN BULL's number scheme to take down
Tried hard, but the plot
Was pronounced to be rot,
With an adjective fit for the noun.

A. E. J. (Lewisham).—We think you have unduly alarmed yourself. Why not send a stiff letter to the man in question?

W. F. (Liverpool).—We are afraid circumstances are not favourable for such a project. Similar ones have frequently been offered here.

"LEO" (Norwood).—Thanks for cutting, with which we are dealing.

G. D. (Cardiff).—Your cutting is as amusing as it is libellous.

S. H. W. (Manchester).—The full name of the Chairman of the Kitchen Committee is "Sir James Alfred Jacoby," but you are quite right in assuming that he does not often use the first of these. We will bear the rest of your letter in mind.

J. B. (Glasgow).—We quite agree with you that some of the concoctions advertised in the "Penny Classics" are quite as harmful as alcoholic liquors.

A. C. (Sheffield).—We believe the Weidhaus Institute to be thoroughly genuine, but cannot, of course, guarantee its treatment.

M. C. (Stoke Newington).—We will bear your suggestions in mind.

C. G. W. (London, E.C.).—Thanks for letter. Try again.

E. O. (Clapham) sends us a long letter in answer to our remarks about Boots and the pharmaceutical society. We gather that we were not very far wrong in our facts, and we still think that Boots have aroused some jealousy among their rivals.

"CROWING JIM" (Glasgow).—We really cannot read whole pages of cuttings unless you mark the passages you want us to note.

W. H. H. (London, N.) writes to say that he is not desirous of running a Criminal Inquiry Office, but an office for criminal appeal enquiries, and he wants financial help to advertise the concern, as well as a working partner—not an ex-police official.

N. J. (Manchester) sends another example of Lord Northcliffe's arithmetic. It appears that the *Daily Mail* stated the *Lusitania* travelled a distance of 228 knots at a speed of 25 knots in a little over ten hours.

G. M. (Tunbridge Wells).—We must try to be indulgent towards the sick.

A. K. (Gravesend).—Jim Crow knows nothing about the new Lord Mayor, and does not want to until he has been asked to a banquet at the Mansion House.

J. H. (Dundee).—Thanks for amusing cutting *re* Public Trustee. We are keeping our eye on that gentleman.

W. S. C. (Dorking).—We are considering your suggestion.

D. E. N. (Highbury).—We do not recommend solicitors.

Miss M. F. H. (Macclesfield) wants us to recommend some prose or poetry for a recitation. Why not learn some of Jim Crow's articles by heart? She informs us that a terrible event lately occurred at her house. "Going up to my room on Saturday, I was very much surprised to find JOHN BULL with—whom should you think? Why—the *Woman at Home*, and my amazement was not lessened when I discovered the *Schoolmistress* had been there also." Disgraceful!

E. A. P. (Plymouth).—Already awarded.

H. R. (Glasgow).—By the rules of the trade, all "returns" have to be in well within the period we allow to elapse before announcing the drawn numbers.

(We regret we are obliged to hold over a large number of replies.)

THE BOY'S PLEASURES.

should be those he can find at home. As he grows into a young man his pleasures, like his ideas, become young-mannish too. He wants to smoke and play billiards like his elders do. He will smoke if he is set upon it; and he will play billiards—perhaps in not the best company—if he is determined to. Let him have his billiards, and make your house a rendezvous for his friends. Set up a miniature table of your own. It can be fixed comfortably in an ordinary room, and on top of the dining-table (or as dining and billiard table in one). The game is genuine billiards, calling for the same skill that a match table does.

Send for catalogue to-day to Messrs. E. J. Riley, Ltd., Imperial Billiard Mills, Accrington.—[ADVT.]

THE HURLY BURLY.

BY THEODORE DAHLE.

MAN, WOMAN, AND MUSCLE.

In one of the papers the other day I read a touching story of a husband who admitted that in matters of domestic difference tending to physical struggle he was quite helpless before his wife, whose favourite method of bringing him to reason was to hit him over the head with an umbrella; and the bigger the umbrella the harder she hit him. It is not to be urged to the discredit of a man that the wife of his chest is his better half; but I am sure it must be to his moral disadvantage when she becomes his better three-quarters. A man and his wife should be one. That is scriptural and that is blessed. But his wife shouldn't be that one.

I suppose, however, it is muscle and not mind that does it. I have noticed as a curious fact of life that whenever there becomes visible a very large wife a very small husband is somewhere in the vicinity. Big women are usually small men's size. A little man wants somebody he can look up to and reverence—somebody who can either rock him on her knee or hit him with an umbrella, and so he marries a vast lady. On the contrary, you will probably have noticed that men about six-feet-three usually marry someone about three-feet-six. This, I think, is better policy, and greater wisdom than the other. It would be risky for a man to marry somebody his own size. He might get hurt.

I verily believe that the tendency is for the British woman to become Amazonian. More than any man of his time, Mr. Sandow is responsible for the varied pastimes crystallised in a phrase as "physical culture." His cry of muscle for the million is gradually making every woman her own Venus; and if what remains of the statue in the Louvre is anything like that lady was in the life—which I doubt—I am confident that any husband, actual or semi-detached, which she might have had, had to do as he was told. If he had ventured to argue the point she would have fallen on him and killed him. The modern, up-to-date woman yearns not only to be beautiful, but to hold a piano in one hand while she picks up her husband and stuffs him into her pocket with the other. Beauty she can get at two-and-nine the bottle, and either lay it on with a trowel or tie it up with hairpins. But muscle comes to a woman more slowly, and demands more strenuous labour than hair and complexion. She must swim, ride, fence, play hockey, manipulate dumb-bells, cultivate gymnastics, and stretch yards of elastic with a handle at one end and a bedroom wall at the other, the game in the latter case being either to break the elastic or to pull down the wall; if the elastic holds and the wall stands, she wins.

With three years of this strenuous labour the up-to-date woman is physically fit, and has the courage of her convictions. She is not only strong enough to hit a husband, but to assault a policeman. As an old-fashioned man of old-fashioned ideas, I cannot believe that this state of things promises well for my delightful sex. It is in no spirit of boastfulness I say before all the world that I would rather be hit by a woman eight-stone-ten and nineteen inches round the waist than by one who can lift the piano. Subject to correction, I venture the physiological proposition that extraneous muscle in a woman is a dangerous thing to keep about the house, and a menace to society at large. More than ever the necessities of the time demand less beef and biceps, and more love and laughter. A tremendous biceps is of little use to a woman in building up the happy home, however useful it may be at a mangle. But, thank heaven, life does not wholly consist of washing days.

I am not arguing against statuesque beauty as a spectacle. Of the Venus de Medicis at Florence one of our minor poets says:

"So stands the statue that enchants the world,
So bending tries to veil the matchless boast,
The mingled beauties of exulting Greece."

But, after all, a statue is a statue. No woman can cultivate muscle and settle down into a languorous love. The statuesque, whether in flesh or marble, is always cold. It has no passion because it has no fire.

What is Your Number?

It may mean Five Pounds for you.

SEE ANNOUNCEMENT ON PAGE 1

JOHN BULL'S WOMENFOLK.

By Mrs. Bull.

A Woman Jockey.

Sandwich-women and cab-drivers are common enough in France, but I think it is the first time one has heard of a woman jockey. The lady in question, Miss Money, a belle of New York, who is a winner of many first prizes and trophies for excellent horsewomanship in the United States, is desirous of obtaining her French jockey licence and has placed herself under the direction of a well-known trainer. By the way, I am told that women bookmakers may also be seen at some race meetings.

The White Slaves of England.

I am glad to see that in Manchester the other day Mrs. Cadbury, speaking at the National Union of Women Workers, referred to the evils of sweating. She told of a case in which a widow supported herself and several children by making shirts at 8¾d. the dozen. To earn even the barest living the woman would have to make three or four dozen shirts a day. Mrs. Cadbury declared that 3,250,000 single women and 1,000,000 married women worked for wages in England, and that 300,000 children are made to work after school hours.

A Dog's Hotel.

Many women are packing up their pretty frocks to take with them to the South, and as the majority of the fair sex, nowadays, own dogs, the question will be asked—what shall Fido do? He may be neglected by the servants or run over in London's busy road; in short, there are a dozen chances that Fido's mistress will never see Fido again. In a quiet thoroughfare, known as Royal Avenue, in old Chelsea, I have found a temporary home for loved dogs. A kind gentlewoman is the proprietress here, and for quite a reasonable charge will she take in, watch over, and tend all such dogs as are entrusted to her care.

The New Hat-Pin.

We women have big hats, big sleeves—in fact, fashion has decided that every feminine thing shall be large, with the exception of our boots. The newest "hat-pin" is the size of a plover's egg, and should be worn in pairs. Large square slabs of turquoise, crystal, or of jade, are as pretty as may be; so, also, are those fashioned of ivory, if worn with the charming new white felt hats.

Turkish Delight.

Few people, I think, know the way to make the genuine Turkish Delight. Here, then, is a receipt: A syrup must be made with 1 lb. of cane loaf sugar and a pint of orange or rose water. The syrup should then be cleared with the white of an egg and the juice of half or three-quarters of a lemon. Next, 2 ozs. of wheat starch and 1 gill of water should be dissolved, strained, and added, when boiling, to the syrup. All should be boiled together till quite thick and stringy. If the flavouring of the rose or orange water, already used, does not prove sufficiently sweet to the taste, a little more of it may be added. Two plates will next be needed, and one of these should be rubbed over with sweet oil, the other sprinkled with sugar. Then place the mixture first upon the oiled plate to cool, and then upon the sugared one. The sweetmeat is then cut into blocks, sprinkled with sugar, and allowed to dry.

French and English Cooks.

I wonder how the idea first arose that average French wives are far better cooks than English ones? To hear some men discourse on this subject would lead to the supposition that marriage was practically only the engagement of a permanent cook. Sometimes they sigh for luxury in diet, and then they feel inclined to envy French husbands. But let the truth be told. An Englishman of the middle-class or the working-class would not eat meals of the type that a French wife of similar rank sets before her spouse. In France it is huge quantities of bread—yards of it—that form the staple portion of the dinner. With it will come, firstly, a pale, thin soup—mere hot water, tastily flavoured. Next, more bread and a small bit of fish with sauce—flavoured and thickened water again; then more bread and a tiny, weeny, teeny scrap of meat, with sauce; then a little portion of vegetables—with bread, ending up with a small salad—more bread if there be still room—and a cup of coffee. All very tasty, I confess, but give an Englishman this light and highly-flavoured meal every day, and soon there would be fine ructions. An Englishman needs to consume a good solid portion of meat before he feels that he has been properly fed. He is often partial to a pudding, too. Doubtless the solidity of an English dinner and the variety and flavour of a French one is the ideal, but alack and alas! that calls for double the expenditure. Most of us have to choose between the two.

The Luxury of Furs.

Winter is on hand, and we are all shaking the moth-powder from our furs, buying new ones, or repining because the state of the exchequer forbids. How becoming is fur, but dear me, how expensive! Mole-skin is one of the most moderate-priced, but in return it wears very badly; often after one season's usage it looks as if it had caught the mange. The warmest and most lasting of all is seal-skin. This can be soaked with snow and rain, yet come to no harm, while it is almost impossible to crush. The most valuable sealing ground was that off the coast of Alaska, but when this was first recognised by traders there was such a rush there that ere long the males were nearly all taken, the females died old maids, and the race became almost exterminated. The annual trapping of beasties for their skins is enormous—poor things. Until recently the frisky squirrel headed the list, Siberia alone supplying no less than six millions. After learning that, it is not surprising to be told that the supply is now running short. Four million, five hundred thousand, hares are trapped annually, two hundred thousand beavers, fifteen thousand bears—the numbers sound incredible. By far the most valuable bear fur is found on the cub, not on the full grown animal. Many a skin of every species is deprived of its full value owing to the fact that the naughty animal it grew upon was of a quarrelsome disposition, and got portions of his hair torn away in stand-up fights. However, the very smallest pieces of fur can be utilised in some manner. Even the cuttings are sold, and go to make felt hats, while the tail of a Kolinsky sable makes the finest of all possible brushes for an artist. White fox skin is a pretty fur that is not too wildly expensive, though one London fog renders it absolutely grey. A regular prize specimen of white fox runs to about £25. There is a rather curious fact about the animals that inhabit polar regions. In that colourless land, those realms of snow and ice, every animal that roams its wastes is spotlessly white as the snow it treads.

Female Nimrods.

Such is the passion for sport that it is no uncommon thing to find women going in for deer-stalking, grouse shooting, and salmon and other fishing. Women in the hunting field are a commonplace, although keen hunting men tell me from their point of view that the presence of these ardent brush hunters is extremely undesirable, inasmuch as the spills, to which they are subject, have a disastrous effect on masculine nerves and serve to spoil their day's sport. If these mighty feminine hunters would devote their energies to some other form of the chase, hunting men generally will breathe a sigh of relief. All over the Highlands, nowadays, women may be seen either fishing or shooting; whether this lust for bloodshed contributes to the womanliness of the eternal feminine is a horse of another colour.

A Crying Evil.

I was delighted to see that a certain purveyor of milk has received a sentence of six months' hard labour for selling milk that was unfit for food. My one regret is that a more severe sentence was not imposed on the miscreant who sought to make money by poisoning scores of innocent people. One of the evils of the age is the immense amount of infant mortality which is readily preventible; it is easy to imagine how much of this is caused by unclean milk. Too often adulterators of food have got off with ridiculously trifling fines. I hope the time is not far distant when an Act will be passed to bring a wholesome fear to the hearts of those guilty of such nefarious practices which are indulged in to a scarcely believable extent. Here's a chance for Mr. Bull to father such a Bill.

OUR Limerick Competition.

See Page 437.

RACING NOTES.

By W. LOTINGA.

("*Larry Lynx*" of "*The People*," and "*Magpie*" of the "*Globe*.")

On the Downs.

Some "lads" have better voices than hands when riding exercise.

A Sign of the Times.

What a number of trainers and steeplechase jockeys are seeking retainers!

Stick up Derby.

The wheeze now is to back the Manton horses when Madden is not up.

Maiden Plate Runners.

Unknown horses among three-year-olds—especially the well-bred ones—in a race invariably suggest Ascot.

May Jump Later on.

Broadside is the progeny of that famous old 'chaser, the white-legged chestnut Sweet Charlotte.

A Valued Trophy.

Hallick's most treasured sideboard ornament is the Vase won by Rouge at Beverley five years ago.

They Must Win Sometimes.

Plenty of backers look out for horses whose number on the card coincides with the number they draw.

Example to other Countries.

At Newmarket, Court etiquette is absolutely free from every matter surrounding the King whenever His Majesty attends.

Fielders Witticism.

Some of our jocular bookies cry the odds on the field, "I'll lay three monkeys, three dollars, or three 'bob' to one, to anything you like."

Rivalry.

Is it true—as the professional steeplechase jockeys say—that most amateurs "spoil" horses for them to ride subsequently?

They Begin Early.

Our three-year-olds are only just beginning to jump hurdles, but already in France horses of that age have been winning steeplechases for a month.

Malua would have Won.

We often see races described as five furlongs (or any distance) "and a few yards." What a difference those few yards frequently make!

A Marvel.

It is really a marvel that many more errors are not made in telegraphic bets seeing how the messages are invariably written out in desperate haste and bundled in right on to race time.

Too much Law Spoils.

Unregistered meetings flourish wondrously in South Africa in spite of the Jockey Club, and that the regulations are much stricter than in authorised sport.

Fancy Betting on Them.

A couple of generations back, two-year-olds used to run in three furlong—and on a certain few occasions—in two furlong races. And there was no gate.

Real Service.

By the use of a motor plenty of trainers are now able to leave home for metropolitan meetings three hours later than would be the case by train from their poorly-served districts.

A Contrast.

We speak of Lincoln and Liverpool in spring days with the keenest of anticipation, but this week's similar round is of poor significance, especially following upon such a heavy period as Cambridgeshire week. It is, however, only another way of proving how circumstances make or mar everything. As usual at this week end, there will be a good Spice of Jumping at Aintree, for we are now well on the road to the National Hunt season proper.

A Heavy Settling.

Last Saturday and Sunday were probably the busiest days of the year with hundreds of folk all over the country, especially bookmakers, for the accounts after a big gambling period had to be levelled. Apart from that, both single and double event wagers upon the Cambridgeshire necessitated the overhauling of ante-post betting books upon which, almost universally, the bookmakers lost. Providence, however, never seems to allow many days to go by without the levelling process, and the truly "All Black" Thursday, upon which the "White" Knight succumbed, added to a horrible betting day at Alexandra Park on Saturday, made the fielders' volumes look a little more "rosy," if not to be finally on the right side.

The Cambridgeshire.

Compelled to indite these notes several days before actual issue, it is much too late to deal at any length with the big Houghton Handicap. Its mediocrity in class and numbers was solely atoned for by the desperate finish. The one subject of comment ever since has been the abnormal ill-luck which attended the supporters of Malua, who just missed the verdict by the whole collecton of antagonistic circumstances. The luck, the going, Maher's indisposition and over confidence, a slow beginning, and everything combined to accentuate Mr. Gerald Faber's cruel ill-luck in only just failing to bring off an enormously popular victory and the huge public coup, for, in truth, 99 people out of 100 were—before the start—"on Malna." This and the double events, added to Day, his trainer, and Maher, his jockey's confidence, caused the betting army present (whether bookies or backers) to become absolutely sheeplike in their furore to "get on," to cover, or to refuse to lay Malua at all. Maher thought he had won, and had done so, according to the judge, in the next stride, and would do so *every* time, were the race re-run. This is a terribly hard knock for those who had such odds as 20 and 25 to 1 against Malua to endure, for such opportunities rarely come.

The Way to Win Races.

It is obvious that the "putting by in lavender" of big handicap candidates, or their "readying" as was in vogue years ago, is now out of date and useless, for it can be truly said, judging by the records every day, that the more races a horse wins the better he is handicapped. It is just the unlucky ones who are continually beaten—although ridden right out—and who NEVER win races, like Malua, Truffle de Perigord, and dozens of others, who never seem to get a fair chance. It is truly a mysterious rather than an absolutely open book, that backers as well as handicappers, seem to go for. That any one horse like Land League, only in the second rank of handicappers, but a big, powerful, and above all, lucky horse, should win 22 races out of 30 seems extraordinary, especially as his defeats were maintained as a 2-year old when only a plater. The moral is to go out for little fish, try your horses openly, candidly express your confidence that they cannot be beaten, and you will always get a good price; in fact, Land League started at longer odds than his connections took.

Prophetic.

At Liverpool to-day—assuming that he has not been penalised or badly beaten in the interim at Lincoln—

TRUFFLE DE PERIGORD

has actually been given a real chance at last in the Stewards' Plate, while, on what I saw at Sandown,

OATLANDS,

over a distance he can just get, and over a country which his grand lepping will give him an advantage, should take the Sefton Steeplechase. The staying IMPULSIVE has a big chance for the Anchor Nursery. On Friday one of the three-year olds will win the Liverpool Cup, and I incline to MENU and LAOMEDIA, while CANDAHAR, who is to jump hurdles, is nicely treated in the Croxteth Plate. Despite his huge weight, as we know he is fit, KOLO may take Saturday's Hurdle Handicap.

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